The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1602 OCT. 4, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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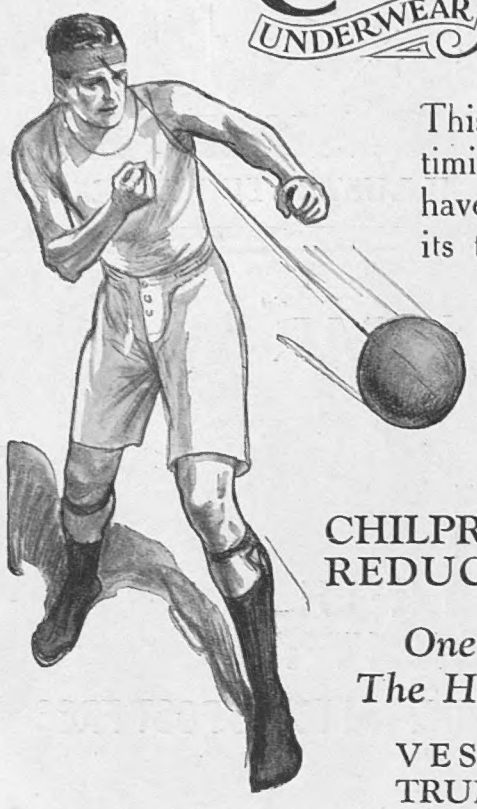

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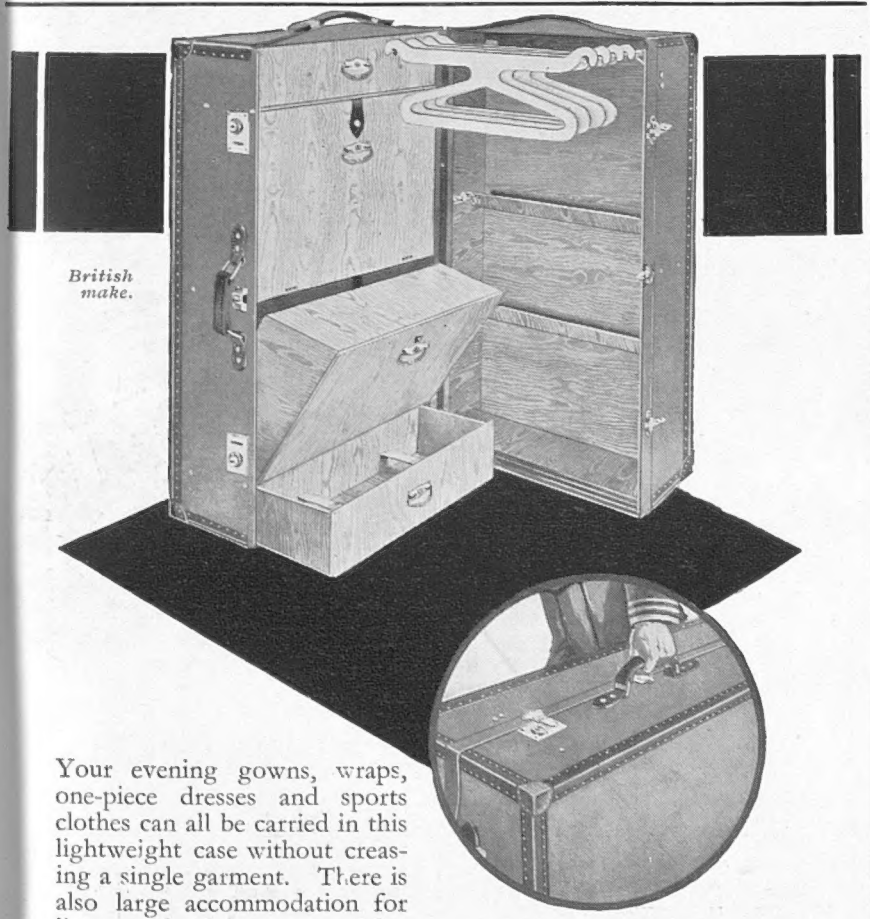
Obtainable from any of our Agents or sent on approval on receipt of cash or London reference.



British make.

Your evening gowns, wraps, one-piece dresses and sports clothes can all be carried in this lightweight case without creasing a single garment. There is also large accommodation for linen and shoes, etc. This dark blue vulcanized fibre hand-case is equally convenient for packing gentlemen's suits and is the latest and most practical of all small luggage.

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"Dewsbury." Beautiful Coat in Brown Face Cloth, handsomely trimmed with dark Sable Musquash. Suitable for small and full figures. Model as sketch, women's fitting, 46 ins. **13½ gns.**
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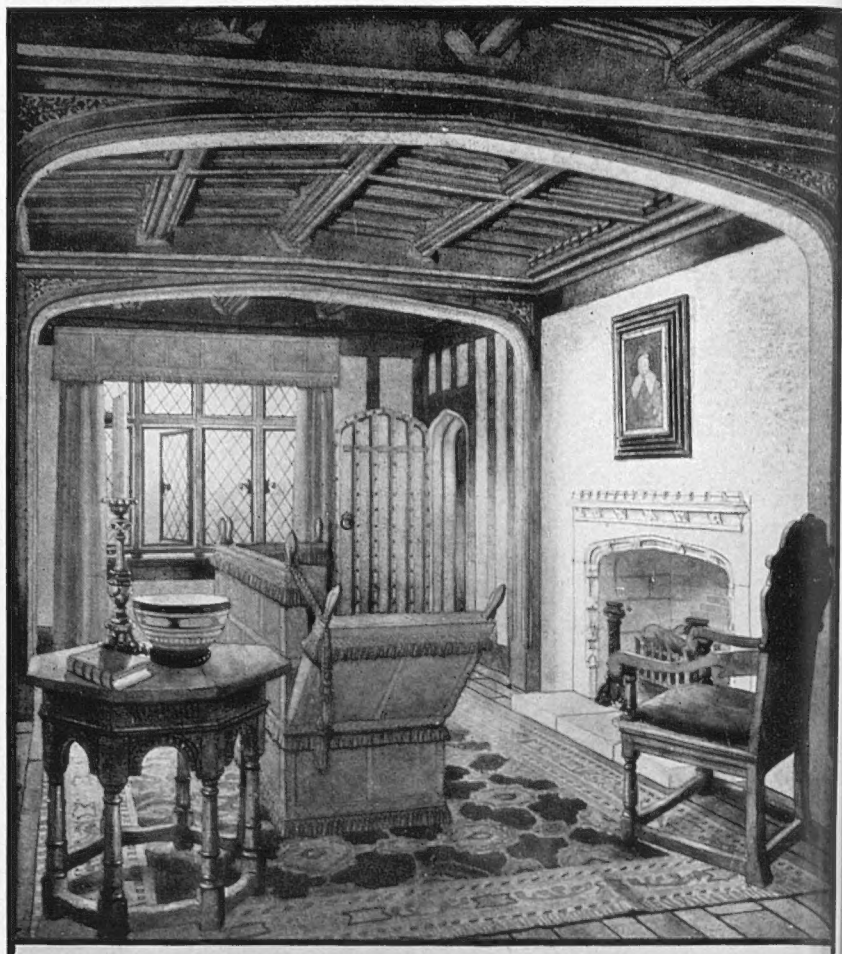

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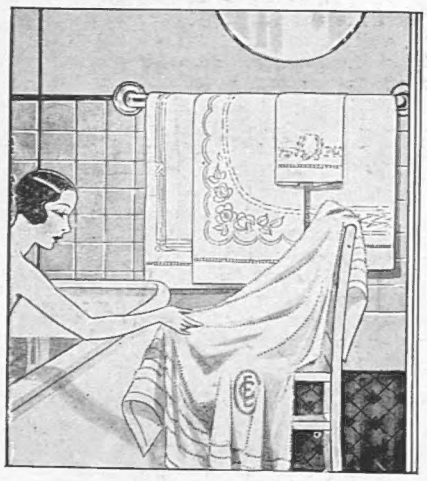

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Volume CXXIII. No. 1602 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 2½d. } London, October 4, 1930

A SQUADRON ROPED in FLIGHT

Siskins Prepare for the Belgian Centenary

This striking aerial view of aeroplanes roped in flight shows the Siskins of No. 43 Fighter Squadron flying in squadron formation—three flights of three machines, each being in V-formation, and the whole squadron being in V-formation of flights. It was Squadron 43 which sent a flight representing the R.A.F. at the celebrations attendant on the Belgian Centenary. Squadron-Leader Cyril Nelson Lowe, M.C., D.S.C., is in command of the unit and has brought these Siskins to a high pitch of efficiency at Tangmere Aerodrome, Sussex.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 1, 1930.

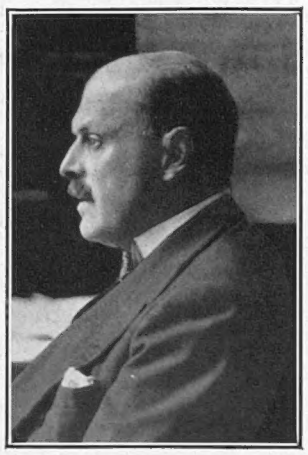
8 a.m. Courage.—When I was abed last Wednesday having my cup of tea, the Duke of York was coolly enduring all sorts of fire (of criticism, cannon, and cameras) in front of the R. and A. clubhouse at St. Andrews. In his youth he admitted a certain shyness and diffidence. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Can you conceive a severer test? An early breakfast, a hurried start, the glare of 2,000 critical eyes, tee-d up too exuberantly by that legend, the great Kirkaldy, a change of club, a headwind amounting to gale-force, several ex-champions on the tee, a lane of faces, an army of reporters, a barrier of caddies at silly point and silly mid-on (as if royalty were not equal to any occasion!), a practice swing or two, and then . . . all the prophets, including the new captain, utterly confounded. My first golf was played at St. Andrews; all I remember of the famous links is an episode. A tiny urchin of ten was swinging an old wooden club beside a green and my father jocosely asked him, "Are you by any chance Kirkaldy?" "Naw," replied the urchin solemnly, "I'm no Kirkaldy but I have a swing like him." Golf is a serious business up there.

Princess Margaret Rose.—The great decision is taken and Scotland has been honoured by the choice of her own particular name for a female baby of a Royal House. England is remembered in the second choice of Rose. If Princess Margaret of York takes as her model the best of Scotland's many Princesses Margaret and learns from her aunt, Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, the secret of everlasting youth and beauty and charm, she will have every reason to be satisfied with what she gives and what she has. Women nowadays seem to have learned something of the secret of perpetual youth. A very few have penetrated to the very heart of the mystery. And in the first flight I should place Lady Moyra Cavendish and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower. Princess Margaret has allowed her rival, Princess Elizabeth, a long start in public favour. Messrs. Murray have already announced for early publication an exhaustive (and perhaps exhausting) biography of the latter. It is satisfactory to learn that a leading biographer is now at work collecting material for a similar life study of Princess Margaret Rose.

Cheap Transport.—Petrol has come down 2d., and I doubt not that the oil kings have been raking in the shekels for the past six months. The price might well have been dropped months ago. But I don't complain. Motoring is an incredibly cheap form of transport. I have just finished a 1,500-mile tour in England and Scotland, and I kept some careful statistics. I drove a Morris six-cylinder 15-h.p. Saloon (1930); for the whole run, to my great surprise, I averaged 26·75 miles to the gallon. I had been promised an average of 22 or 23 miles under good conditions, I had no check or breakdown of any kind whatsoever and used up less than a gallon of oil. Total cost (less inestimable wear and tear) of transporting two persons and all their luggage 1,500 miles, to the North of Scotland and back, to and from the front doors of twelve different houses, amounted to £4 10s. And now the price of petrol is substantially down. What hope have the poor old railways when all the world conspires to flatter the internal-combustion engine? I admit it is a confounded bore to drive a small car along more than 250 miles of the best roads in a single day, but the convenience and cheapness of motoring simply forces one's hand and robs the railways of their passenger prey.

Go as You Please.—It is impossible to derive much comfort (if you fear the dangers of the road) from the much-advertized road code, so far as it affects the issue of driving licences. Light signals in towns will become more and more general, and if you cannot tell green from red you will of course be debarred from driving? Oh dear, no! The colour-blind and the stone-deaf are welcomed on the road. The one-legged and armless may drive half-a-dozen victims to destruction if they can prove that they have owned a driving licence for six months. No need to prove that they have used it. If you are liable to fits, and practically blind, you naturally will not stress these misfortunes if you are very anxious to drive. No doctor's certificate is required and you will think nothing of risks or penalties to gain your ends. Then there are those three-months beginners' licences for the limbless blind. For three months they crash into the pedestrian and smash up the innocent motorist under police protection. Thereafter it is merely a question of the size of the bag whether or no their right to drive is confirmed. Mr. Morrison's Highway Code seems to me to be curiously loose, and hardly worth the expense of printing.

A Ha'p'orth of Tar.—The old Yeomanries used to attract the finest flower of our citizen armies. Few remain as cavalry to-day. The bulk of them were transformed into Field Gunners. And while there was a chance still to train and make horses, some of the old yeoman stock continued to join their county Yeomanry. It was obvious that mechanization of these new formations must come. The process of transformation was gradual. When I left my Yeomanry after twenty years' service we had one mechanized battery only. Now it is decided that in three years no horsed battery will remain, and that inevitably will mean the cutting off of the flower of our chivalry. It cannot be helped but I doubt not the point has worried the authorities. For mechanization of Territorial batteries will have disastrous effects on the efficiency of the Force. For years to come it will be a paper transformation; for years training will be hampered by the lack of six-wheelers. There will be 200 of them for the whole of the Territorial Field Artillery, to be swapped and fought for and run to death. And once more the golden goose of our citizen army—the T.F. Associations—is to be done in. For forty years, in the face of discouragement, these county associations have carried the T.F. on their shoulders, spending brains, energy, and money to make it something better than a paper army. And now they are to lose the horse-grants—the last inducement to husband a fund. But in Parliament the War Office will be able to announce substantial economies.



THE PASSING OF EMPIRE JACK: Sir John Norton-Griffiths, K.C.B., D.S.O., known as "Empire Jack," who was found shot in a boat in Alexandria. He had suspended work on the raising of the Assuan Dam following what he stigmatized as intolerable control exercised by the resident engineer's staff of the Egyptian Government

A Political Riddle.—In a few months now a solution must be found to one of the most intriguing political riddles of our time—Mr. Lloyd George. I suppose that any time in the last six months he might have bridged the little gulfs that he does not hurry to cross, and joined the Labour Government in a secondary rôle which he could soon exchange for the leading part in his own inimitable, subterranean way. But he has not built those little bridges; he hangs on. And to a certain degree his Fabian policy has been justified. He has seen Mr. Baldwin wreck a perfectly sound Conservative policy—of safeguarding—by just that fatal wavering which compromises the soundest creeds of men not utterly convinced. Mr. Baldwin had plumped for the leaden casket, and hardly knowing what he did, transferred his fingers to the gaudy gilt box which held an indefinite number of votes—the property of readers of the sensational Press. Mr. George must have chuckled over the referendum and then found it embarrassing. Perhaps he was not so anxious to have justified his policy of sitting on the fence. For Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons along, and Mr. George among them. He is nearly seventy, and whichever way he jumps off the fence, he has a long road before him if he is to have *his* Midlothian triumph.

The Sands are Running.—If he join the Labour Party he has to fear that political reaction which nowadays seems to ensure that the last party to fail in government is kicked out by the last but one, and five years is too long to wait when one is nearly seventy. On the other hand, though the Conservatives have fallen into chaos, the Liberal Party has forgotten that it ever enjoyed prestige. And unless Mr. George can precipitate events within six months it seems likely that the Conservatives may rise again from the ashes of all that waste-paper which Mr. Chamberlain has been clearing out of the Central Office. If Mr. George does not show his hand before next March I doubt if the private cinema at Churt will ever feature its owner leaving Buckingham Palace with portfolio and the famous victory smile. Unquestionably the shrewdest politician of our day must have weighed the possibilities of a return to power and judged them worth the humiliating effort. He has once ruled England, been a national hero, played Dictator of Europe, and now for a year or more he has played the sorriest part of ninepin or spielman in as shabby an exhibition of party snatch-and-grab as ever degraded our political history. If he had not reckoned on the chance of a come-back—a real substantial resumption of power—surely he would not have consented to trail in such mud as this his triumphal robes. He played for the big stake and the time has come when he must put his cards on the table, for the candles are flickering in their sockets.

Hitler's Place in History.—We may not yet have attained to a Commonwealth of Europe; we are indeed very far from that goal. But serious politicians have long ago stumbled on the truth that splendid isolation is no longer a workable policy. No one nation can achieve economic prosperity unless it painfully woos the goodwill and trust of its neighbours and is very careful to trench on the rights and privileges of others. Herr Hitler has yet to learn this truth—which applies to Germany above all. He is like to learn it at the expense of Germany and of his own party. I cannot believe that to-day the voice of one crying defiance in the wilderness will collect into a circle any but jackals and vultures. The German nation has had a fine opportunity of realizing how the miracle of her recovery from almost inevitable disaster in 1923 was brought about by her own far-seeing statesmen who, seeking peace, found it by co-operation with the statesmen of France and England. It is incredible that she will allow Herr Hitler to persuade her to a national orgy of sabre-rattling which can only end in ridicule on the brink of another financial crisis worse than that of 1923. It would seem indeed that Hitler is destined to serve the League of Nations as an object lesson for its creed more compelling than a hundred carefully prepared arguments and broadcast idealisms. But Germany will pay dearly for the privilege of finding the best argument for a Commonwealth of Nations.

THE PASSING OF LORD BIRKENHEAD: Regarded, with the late Lord Balfour, as the finest brain in England, Lord Birkenhead—"F. E." as he was always known—passed away last Tuesday at the age of fifty-eight after a protracted illness in which pneumonia and congestion of the lungs predominated. A scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, Mr. F. E. Smith, as he then was, was called to the Bar, and in a surprisingly short time was doing remarkably well. The Mersey Tunnel case brought him into prominence, and his defence of Miss Le Neve in the Crippen trial was regarded as one of the most brilliant of his many brilliant cases. His prosecution of Sir Roger Casement is a model of vitriolic restraint. He went from the strength of Solicitor-General to the strength of Attorney-General, to end in the legal triumph of the Woolsack—the youngest man ever to hold that exalted office. Thereafter, although he went into the wilderness with the Coalitionists, he was indispensable to the Tory Party, which invested him with the India Office. Lord Birkenhead retired from the public life, which his gifts of sardonic invective, trenchant utterance, and scathing wit, no less than his clear and incisive brain, have graced for so many years, to take up a career in the City which promised him even greater rewards than politics had yielded. On the left he is seen in a very characteristic pose, book and cigar in hand; on the right is a more formal but very recent portrait

Of Many Books.—Cambridge has been entertaining the Library Association. On my way down from Scotland last week these eyes beheld the booklovers and penmen stretching their legs on the Trumpington Road between sessions. Needless to say, Mr. Walpole was there and so was Mr. Mottram, who described himself modestly as "an escaped bank clerk." Mr. Mottram saw nothing to cause anxiety in the present state of mass-production of literature. Modern democracy, said he, demanded that its literature should be cheap—and it has had its way. The country's permanent "best sellers" remain the Bible, *Black Beauty*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, because (it seems) the public will not be bothered with the care of a lot of volumes it has once read and would never read again. But does not the escaped bank clerk strike a shrewd blow at the living masters of fiction? He warned authors not to despise the public taste in books because of its supposed low standard, lest it might demand a higher standard than authors could supply. To my mind there is no immediate danger of that. Between the standard set by Defoe and the standard enjoyed by the public of to-day there is plenty of room for improvement in writing skill and reading taste. In my view, no book is worth reading until after the third reading. I do not really appreciate a book under twelve readings. And now, Messrs. Walpole and Mottram, try again!

THE OLD STAGER.

"AU REVOIR"

A Quintette of Personalities Leaving Town

AN AIRWOMAN LEAVES FOR AMERICA: Mrs. A. S. Cleaver, the first British woman to attempt to fly across the American continent. Mrs. Cleaver is seen above with her son, who is accompanying her as far as New York

FOR THE TRANSATLANTIC BOARDS: Mr. Leslie Howard, the distinguished actor, caught by the camera at Waterloo, whence, with his wife, he caught the boat train for the *Berengaria*

TO FULFIL AMERICAN COMMISSIONS: Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, the noted artist, is seen above in the guise of a movie-man. He is chatting, cine-camera in hand, to his daughter, Mrs. Douglas Crichton, just before his departure in the *Olympic* for a seven-months' visit to the States, where he is to paint General Pershing and other distinguished transatlantic personalities

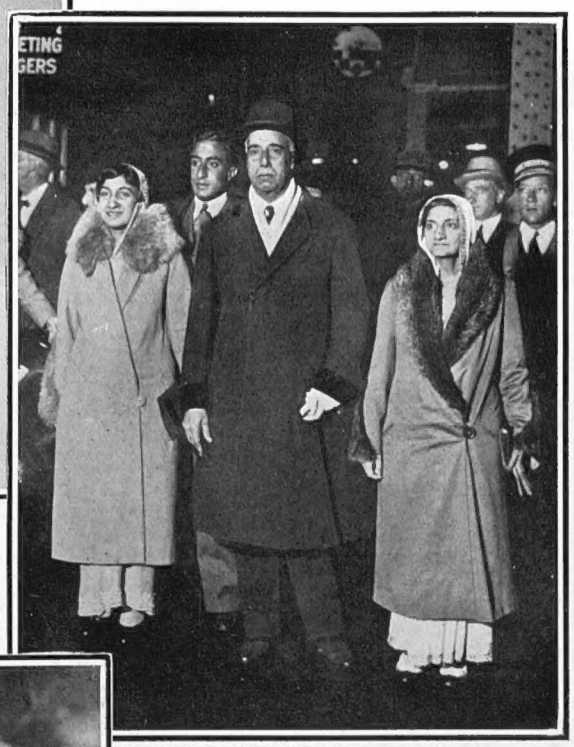
A STAR OF TWO WORLDS: Miss Isabel Jeans, known both on stage and screen, caught in typical pose at Waterloo, whence she entrained for Southampton *en route* to America

"BOY BRADMAN'S GOOD-BYE": The "centenarian" of the Test Team leaves St. Pancras and a sensation of joint relief and regret in the hearts of the bowlers whose offerings he flogged

PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

NEW ZEALAND'S PRIME MINISTER: Mr. Forbes spent his first Sunday in London sightseeing. He made purchases in Petticoat Lane and visited St. Paul's Cathedral

MEMBERS OF THE N.C.B.M.: Sir Arthur Shirley Benn and Sir Woodman Burbidge arrive for the meeting of the National Council of Business Men, held under Sir William Morris

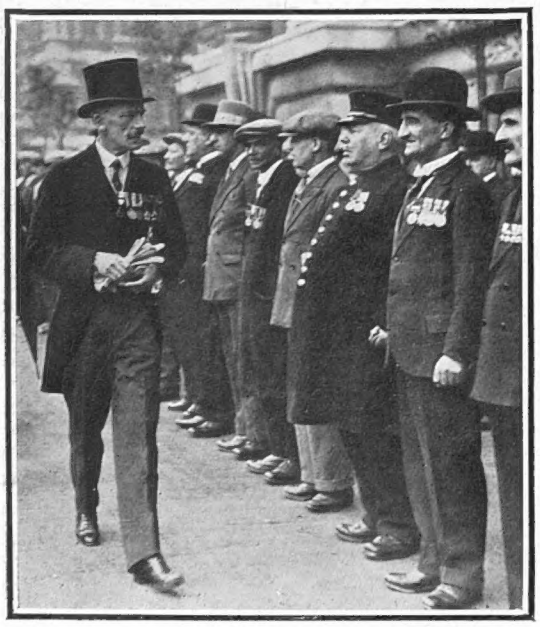


FOR TWO CONFERENCES: Sir Muhammad Shafi, one of the delegates from India to the Indian and Imperial Conference. Sir Muhammad is seen above with his daughter (left) and Lady Shafi

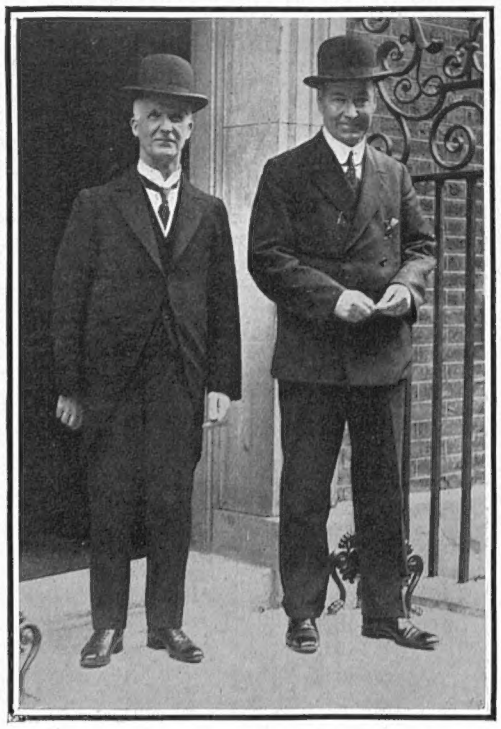
RACING AT NEWBURY: Mrs. Harris Misa and Miss Diana Gilbey caught by the camera last week-end. The inclement weather resulted in a blossoming of heavy tweed overcoats. Shooting-sticks were also popular

THE LAST OF SUMMER: A last memory of a sunny season. This delightful study of mother and child is by Martin Munkacsy

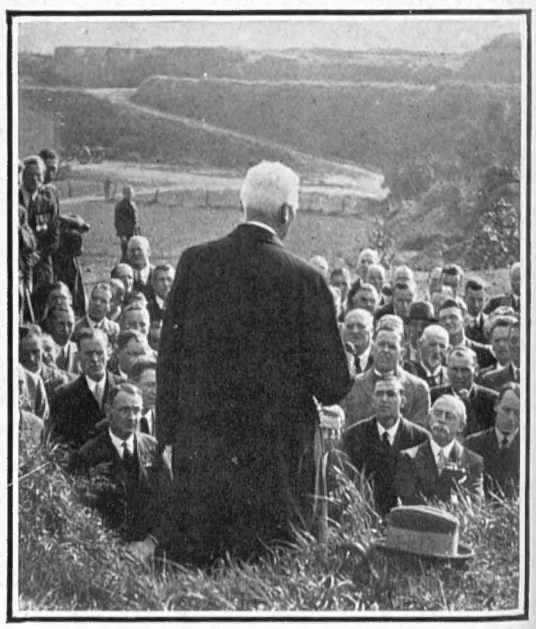
RACING IN SCOTLAND: Lady Fiona Pratt and Mr. Andrew Drummond Moray at the Perth Hunt Steeplechase—a function held at Scone Park, Perth, attended by many distinguished folk North o' the Tweed



MEMORIAL SERVICE TO THE D.C.L.I.: Major-General Sir B. E. W. Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., inspecting members of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry Old Comrades' Association before leading them to the Cenotaph, where he laid a wreath



AUSTRALIA'S PRIME MINISTER. Mr. J. H. Scullin, who has just arrived for the Imperial Conference, is seen above at No. 10, Downing Street, where he called on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. With Mr. Scullin is Australia's Minister of Transport, Mr. Maloney



FIGHTING ITS BATTLES O'ER AGAIN: Major-General Sir Archibald Paris speaking at Fort 4, where he was in command in 1914, during the visit of former members of the Royal Naval Division to the scenes of their efforts in defence of Antwerp

The REVOLUTION *in the* ARGENTINE.

LONG LIVE THE NEW GOVERNMENT ! The day after the deposition of the Irigoyen régime the front of Government House was crowded with enthusiasts to cheer President Uriburu and the new authorities

THE SMILE OF VICTORY: General Augustin P. Justo, one of the most prominent of the revolutionaries, enters the city in front of the troops. Inset above on left—*TAKING THE OATH: The huge crowd in the Plaza de Mayo while members of the new (Uriburu) Government take the oath of allegiance to the country*

The *coup d'état* in the Argentine had a greater right than any other to be known as "The Bloodless Revolution." The deposition of the Irigoyen *régime* was effected in a minimum of time with a minimum of casualties. General José Uriburu, cousin of the Argentine Ambassador in London, replaces with a popular Government the "One-Man Government" by his predecessor—a Government so centralized that only Irigoyen himself, and possibly his confidential attendant, Scarlatti—an ex-boot-cleaner—knew what was happening. The deposed President used to sign *in propriâ personâ* every routine document, even to the chits for military or police pay.

ST. KILDA NO MORE

While on the Agenda of the Imperial Conference Lies the Anomalous Topic for Discussion, the Right to Secede, there is as yet no Suggestion of a Debate on the Right to Retreat—a Phase of Life Discussed Below

By J. W. HERRIES

Soon after his arrival on the mainland from St. Kilda I met the unofficial chief of the St. Kildans wandering aimlessly in one of the back thoroughfares of Oban. His sturdy physique and his dark features made him a conspicuous figure amongst the townspeople. He spoke a strange language. Obviously he was out of his environment and at a loose end. At Lochaline, again, I helped to welcome some of the St. Kildan immigrants to their new homes. With exceptions, including the vigorous head of a family of ten, they all looked bewildered and uprooted. The younger children especially induced solicitude. They gazed at a strange world with timidity and expectancy.

There is no need, however, to sentimentalize over these people, old or young, who have been transported in a body from their immemorial home. The old people will be looked after. They will accommodate themselves placidly to their new quarters. The younger will gradually be absorbed into the main stream of the Scottish people. Their lot will probably be improved. Nothing is to be gained by shedding tears over them. At the same time there are other than sentimental reasons for deploring the fact that the St. Kildans, as a definite island community, are no more.

Why, one may ask, should St. Kilda have been deserted at all? Had the conditions of existence become more difficult for the islanders? The answer is in the negative. There had been no falling off in the means of subsistence on which they have depended from time immemorial. There is still abundance of sea fowl and eggs which have been their staple food in the past. The adjoining sea teems with fish. Steamer calls from the mainland were more frequent than ever. Isolation was not so complete as it used to be.

Why then this desire to leave the island in a body, and the readiness of the Government to carry out the project? A broad reason is to be found in the general rise in the material standard of living, the effects of which penetrated even to far St. Kilda. A hardy race which had wrested a means of existence from its native environment was no longer satisfied with what satisfied its ancestors.

The Government, there is reason to believe, were partly influenced by financial reasons. In these later times the State acknowledges a more individual responsibility for its subjects, including those in remote places. That responsibility impelled them to send a special vessel with a doctor when an S.O.S. had been sent out on behalf of an islander on St. Kilda. Intensive and universal medical assistance is one of the new responsibilities assumed by the Government since the Insurance Act was passed. The ancient St. Kildans seemed to do very well without a doctor. Now, in common with the shepherd in the remote Highland glen, medical service had to be available for them, and that made a costly item.

There were also hints that the dwindling numbers of the islanders, and the consequent narrowed selection for marrying couples, might have an undesirable effect on the type. Certainly all the islanders were akin to one another. There was also the fact that the able-bodied males were so reduced in number that it was with difficulty that a boat could be manned for the systematic visitation of the flock of sheep on the adjoining island of Boreray. These sheep had run wild for some three years and it was found actually impossible to collect and embark them when the desertion took place.

If sentiment is to be indulged in this matter it should have for its text, not the lot of the evacuated St. Kildans, but the lone island of St. Kilda—left untenanted, with the deserted village showing blank windows above the landing-place, and the cultivated patches which have served unknown islanders away back into the times of underground dwellings, reverting to a state of untamed nature. The deserted Highland glen and the deserted island are disquieting features of a modern tendency.

The reason stated for leaving the island to the fulmars, the gulls, the solan geese, and the abandoned sheep, are unconvincing. Difficulties which have been mentioned in support of evacuation are not beyond remedy. Mr. John Mathieson, F.R.S.E., F.R.S.G.S., who resided for some months on St. Kilda a few years ago and made the first survey of the group of islands, put forward proposals that would have made continued residence on the island feasible. The Government, he suggested, might see to it that there were periodic calls by steamers. This arrangement would have ensured supplies, and would have also opened up the island more fully to outsiders. There seems no reason why people from congested areas on the mainland or outer isles might not have joined the St. Kildan group.

There are communities in Lewis and other islands of the Outer Hebrides which, to my knowledge, have a harder struggle for existence than the St. Kildans. They have not the St. Kildans' abundant supplies of wild-bird food. They are without fish in the winter time, and are really more isolated than the islanders were. Mr. Mathieson also suggested help to establish a little factory in which the St. Kildans could carry on their weaving of the native-grown wool to better advantage. The export of the tweed made by the St. Kildans in this way would be sufficient for all their requirements from the outside. Up to the last the population had a resident nurse and a teacher and minister. The children had opportunities of sound education. All the younger people speak English fluently. One of the resident nurses has stated that when she took a young St. Kildan girl with her to Glasgow her deportment was in no particular peculiar. When she handled a knife and fork for the first time no one at the table could have detected the fact. The islanders, speaking generally, were intelligent and adaptable.

One of the minor disadvantages of residence on the island was noted by Mrs. Mathieson in an account of her experience during the stay of her husband and the surveying party. It consisted in the impossibility of taking a walk. Practically the only level stretch on the island was that in front of the village. Beyond that one had to climb. For those who were to spend their lives on the island this was not amiss. The islanders must learn to climb. It was a condition of their existence.

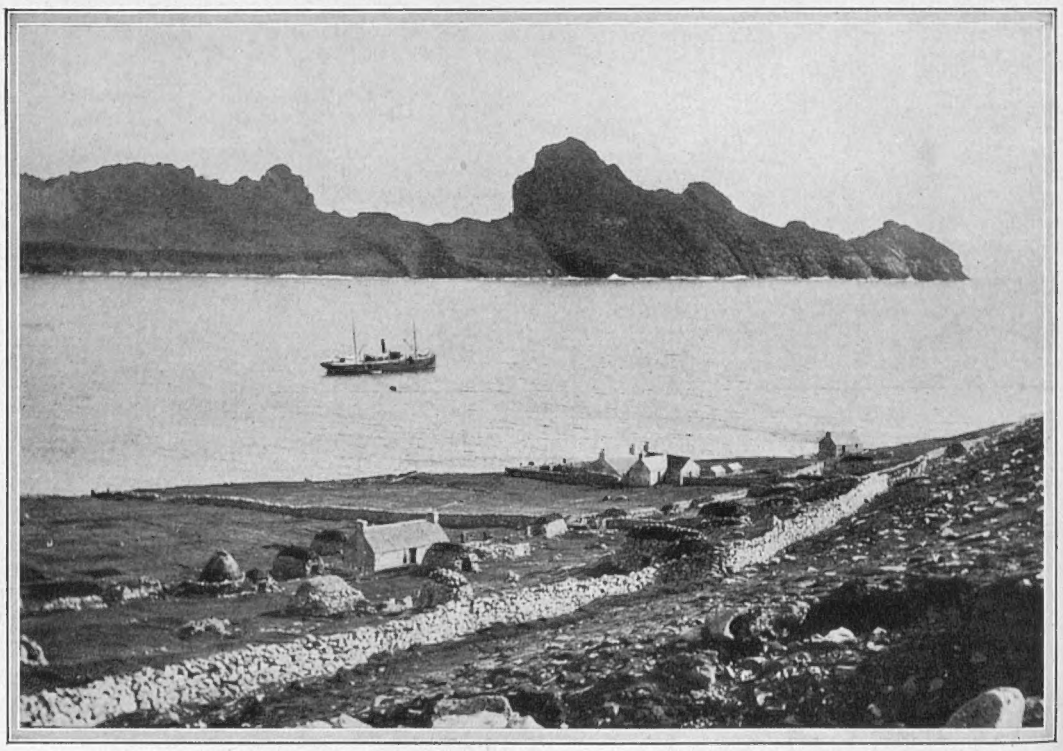
One can regret the abandonment as a further indication of a deadening uniformity of existence to which we are tending. Some years ago an effort was made to deal with the wandering gipsies in the north of Scotland. A scheme for forcibly civilizing them was thought out. The project seemed not only foolish but reprehensible to those interested in humanity. It seemed a wanton exercise of misdirected zeal. Rather in these levelling times it should be the aim to retain in the fullness of their vigour and individuality such an interesting class of people. A similar regret cannot but be entertained in the disappearance of this island people who had grown into their environment, and who, because of that environment and its calls to effort, had a long record of physical prowess. The men were noted cragsmen, keeping a cool head when they lowered themselves over the edge of cliffs hundreds of feet high, and dangling from a long line, proceeded to collect the birds and the eggs which formed their staple food.

Life in St. Kilda also bred a hardy quality amongst the women. One who lived amongst them writes, "The St. Kildan women were very industrious. Indeed I can never remember seeing any of them idle. They were all good-looking, and made a striking picture as they walked down to church on a Sunday morning in their native dress." The women accompanied the men on their expeditions along the cliffs during the fulmar season. The evening saw them returning, and men, women, and children, and even the dogs laden with the birds. It is a striking picture that might have been worth preserving.

There was a picturesqueness about this life, a fullness and satisfaction in the co-operative efforts in which the community engaged which lent it a special value and made it, nationally speaking, at least as worthy of preservation as an old work of art. A wide human interest attached to the St. Kildans. They were an experiment continued through succeeding generations in character and environment. As a rare instance, in our own country, where individual qualities could develop in their own way, the existence of such a community, it may be supposed, should have been jealously guarded. The St. Kildans had their own beliefs and what are called "superstitions," about which we have not hitherto known enough.

Up to the very last, for example, the islanders firmly believed that every death amongst them was preceded by a warning. One or other of the islanders would report that he had seen a departed member of the community somewhere about the island. This was the sure presage of death. People from the mainland, who have been amused on their arrival by such superstitious ideas, confess that they themselves, after a period of residence, have been swept into the current of traditional beliefs. Some of the women on St. Kilda were reputed to have the second sight. The loneliness of the island certainly tended to the perpetuation and cultivation of some of the human qualities found still in remote and primitive communities which we seem to lose through civilization.

At a time when the resources of civilization might have been counted upon to make life on the island more tolerable, this community has been cut off. All the possibilities of new developments in the line of the old tradition have gone by the board. So the wandering spirits of former members of the community are left to look in at the empty houses and wonder, with the puzzled sea birds, what has taken place. "Finis" has been written to the end of a long saga. St. Kilda no more!



YIELDED TO THE FOWL OF THE AIR: A general view of St. Kilda, the desolate Hebridean isle now evacuated by the islanders under Government aid and permission

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"LES ANGLO-SAXONS—*Tchah!*"

What I said to a Frenchman at Geneva

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

In a group in the lobby at Geneva a Parisian publicist beckoned and said: "What have they got in the spleen against us, the Britannics? My wife, she is there for the holidays, and she reports a certain coldness" (one of the joys of France is this hewing clean to the point).

"In other words you're beginning to feel the draught," I reflected. But, for answer, drew out an envelope. "Curious. Read this." It was a card from an English reader—

> In your recent article, "Europe in Two Camps," you say, "England believes France behaved too badly for any re-treading of a common path." The conviction is obviously strong in England, but in what instances has France behaved *badly*—apart from her post-War fits of hysteria?

"Precisely," the card came back after laboured scrutiny, "it is just what I would like to know myself. What have you in criticism? There is no Entente without understanding."

Again I studied my man. "No. It would only offend. And you'd go off saying I was an enemy of France, pro-Boche, and so on. We have many mottoes on the subject. 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' 'Let the past bury the past.' Besides, it would be so much of a one-sided point of view, and a mixture of the material and the sentimental, and ——"

"Listen, friend" (guiding me towards an alcove). "We, as a nation, pride ourselves on seeing clear. Otherwise said, we value this as an asset. I—*moi, Français*—would like to know how we have lost the sympathy of your country, not only the political, the *personal* sympathy. You will tell me?"

. . . Well, the upshot was that we had a heart to heart talk, this Frenchman and I. Or, rather—*mirabile dictu*—for once France did all the listening and cigarette-nodding, since scribes, when out to learn, are the same the wide world over. I took out a pad—before me now—and one by one, like Woodrow's Fourteen Points, jotted down the several and varying causes as I saw them, accounting for England's current coolness towards her former ally, developing each point as I went along. It has now occurred to me to recall this impromptu *exposé* here, if only because it may render thoughts articulate for some on the north side of the Channel. At all events, this is what was conveyed, approximately enough, to Monsieur X. that morning at the League—

Your bookstalls are hung with offensive cartoons at our expense

"Monsieur. The British Isles—*Angleterre*—cannot with any degree of equanimity whatsoever contemplate the rising tide against you. For your position of semi-isolation, your loss of War friends, you are in part yourselves responsible. Italy was hardly your fault. You did treat her as a secondary Power at the Peace Conference, but you were not to know of a Mussolini on the way. You have always been decent to Italians since, both as a nation and individually. America is a slightly different matter. They let you down badly, centrally, by ducking the League, and the Anglo-American guarantee, without which Clemenceau would never have acceded to the terms he did. But had you been psychologists, you would *above all else* have paid the gentleman. Instead, you waved the Stars and Stripes in front of Jonathan's face (hoping he'd let you off), and laughed and were contemptuous behind his back. Already slightly peeved at being fleeced whilst *en voyage*, J., a sensitive guy, suddenly swung round and saw things.

"Now, Monsieur, touching ourselves. Making allowance for inherent feeling due to the loss of so much to us in the past and to divergence of character and temperament except perhaps in the Irish connection, the malice, misrepresentation, ill-hoping, and ill-scheming that you have displayed in our regard has been excessive—'you' meaning the Paris Press, which sets the tune for the country. Your attitude had its root in the War. You hated having to rely on our help. It riddled your vanity. Over the Treaty you cursed us principally for two things—sitting on Rhineland annexation and 'perfidiously' going back on the Anglo-American guarantee. These two formed the foundation of all your subsequent animosity, and the second is without a fragment of justification. If the Americans wouldn't come in, we wouldn't.

We made it quite clear. And the Americans ratted. And here a passing thought, if it has become a regrettable habit with you to bunch both of us together as *les Anglo-Saxons*, you never father on to America any current unpalatable performance of ours. But you never fail to father on to us, by joint reference to *les Anglo-Saxons*, all the unpalatable performances of America. Nor is this a trifle. It is America that has been the extortionate and disappointing one, but by constantly reading of *les Anglo-Saxons* the French people have come to put us in the same *galère*. Yet you are well aware that our sole link with America, and that quite recent, is an anti-war one, which reminds me that for years you did your best to make bad blood between us, sow discord, keep us apart.

"Your cool, taken-for-granted acceptance of our letting you off, I think, 67 per cent. of what you lawfully owe us, and never a syllable of thanks, has been hard to swallow. Your return has been latterly to condescend to give us £8,000,000 a year, given as if we, too, were Shylocks; to rear the bogey of *la livre sterling* as the despoiler of the franc (to present us as a people who first bore down on your currency and then battened on it) whereas you know that you yourselves fled from, gambled on, and did conjuring tricks with the franc.

"This *livre sterling* myth poisoned the French people against us—the political reacting all the time now on the personal. Never have I known such bitterness as in '26–'27. To-day, bloated with gold, your method of recognizing a debt, generosity without parallel, is to take all the gold you can from us and never to give a sporting thought to the hundreds of thousands of British who came to your help in adversity by taking up your War Loan. But perhaps you receded most when at the Hague you fought like furies because Mr. Snowden declined to give you a further £2,000,000 a year. The odium heaped on our heads! The insults! The newspaper venom! You would 'look in the drawers and see what could be found to satisfy grasping John Bull.'

"A word about your Press. With the exception of one or two papers of the Left, this has kept a hostile barrage down on *Angleterre* and *les Anglais* for over a decade. It thinks the worst, imputes the worst motives. Anything that can be turned against us is turned. It has fed France on malignant misreadings—sometimes almost as if editors had special mission or interest to do so—a fair specimen of which is the tale, still believed far and wide, that considerable numbers of English are living in France on the dole. This Press poisoning has led, not unnaturally, to an anti-English cult not the least disconcerting manifestation of which is that justice in law simply no longer exists in France for the British national. Not only are they murdered with impunity—and the victims shamefully traduced—but any *Anglais* involved in a motor accident, or who may come up with the authorities in some other fashion, can consider his goose cooked right away; while you have ignored the taxation and rent agreements you came to with us.

"To revert to larger issues, there was your behaviour at Chanak, when you not only refused to come in with a tiny British garrison, hoping to derive political advantage from standing out, but when your delegate, Franklin-Bouillon, cruised in the vicinity 'negotiating.' Again, there followed your ill-mannered attempt to squeeze us out of Cologne at the time of the Ruhr because our presence cramped your style. The idea was to make our position so ridiculous as to become untenable. The act of an ally? But then your War forgetfulness of what we did has only been equalled by your exaggeration of the part played by others. And yet we lost 966,000 to your 1,300,000 (correct figures these; I hate talking in terms of the dead, but you do little else). I always think the sublime instance was when Poincaré unveiled Foch's statue on Cassel Hill, and with the whole Ypres Salient spread out before him contrived to get through with his speech without direct reference to *les Anglais*. When the American Legion came the heavens blazed forth. When our Legion followed, there were indeed no comets seen. Sentiment, of course, pure sentiment. Still, there's a lot in sentiment, sometimes. Cleaves to the root of things. The chief thing you remember about us in France is the collapse of the Fifth Army.

"Symptomatic again was the almost savage applause which for long greeted young Rostand's play in which Queen Victoria was depicted as conniving at the death of the Prince Imperial. In like vein, look at your kiosks and bookshops. The former hung with offensive cartoons at our expense—though why cling to the Boulogne tripper and Nice old-maid types? There are others, many others, whose elegance, good looks, and carriage you perhaps do not yourselves possess. As for books, there is no better seller than some drivelling volume about the English as spies. You make the mistake of imagining that the English of to-day do not understand, do not read, your newspapers. They do. And carry home their impressions.

"As for portrayals of England, even your visiting Academicians rarely find anything better to write about than fogs, food, and Hyde Park at night. Abel Hermant recently regretted there were now too many lights there. Where have you shown, in print, word, or act, sympathy for us in our post-War troubles? At the worst stage of the South Wales tragedy you cut down coal imports. Though you have no unemployed, British subjects find the greatest difficulty in getting to France for work. Your leading politician quite recently referred to us as 'the country that had really lost the War.' And was there sorrow over that? Until just the other day, until you found you wanted us again, your considered hope was that things might go wrong with us and the British Empire. Certain that we were decadent and done for, growing old and weary and losing hold, you openly canvassed the likely break-up of *Angleterre*. Your best correspondents, sent to India, fell from journalistic grace, but too obviously permitting this office hope to inform their despatches. You were on the wrong horse. You frequently are. Intelligence in life and affairs is the capacity to look all round one, lighthouse-like. You see only up the *route nationale* by the light of your *phares*.

"The only way I can think of retaining your goodwill is to keep Sir Austen Chamberlain permanently at the Foreign Office, and that might be a trifle expensive. He is *un ami de la France*. No shades with you. One thing or the other. *Ami*, or *enemi*. Here at Geneva you have us, as usual, duly ticketed. There is one dominant fact you have, perhaps, never given enough attention to. Your empire doesn't encroach on ours nor ours on yours. That might have prompted you to keep in with England even if at some (in your eyes) sacrifice. Instead, you threw English friendship away. And now there is a prevalent feeling that you are really an awful nuisance, a veritable conductress of trouble, with your various neuroses—*sou*, security, *gloire*, and the rest.

"Monsieur, there are several other things that vex them in England, such as that your great armaments—necessary now, no doubt, in view of the fix you are in, but which could also be turned against us—that these are being piled up with money which ought to be coming to us. But the points I have made may answer your question. In England they feel there has been an absence of generous thought, of fair play on your part—I have even heard a much stronger term used. Perhaps the Academy might devote a few afternoons to determining whether the term *le fairplay* is admissible to the Dictionary. Then it might be admitted later to the newspapers, and so on to the nation as a whole.

"Le livre sterling" and the franc myth poisoned the French people against us, whereas you yourselves fled from, gambled on, and did conjuring tricks with your currency

BUFFALO TRAILS

A human document, told in the vernacular, which is as accurate a picture of one form of transatlantic existence as was "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" of another American world. "The Sphere" prints this article un-subedited just as it was received from its rancher author

"BUD" COTTON

Range riding with the Canadian Government buffalo herd at Wainwright, Alberta, for fourteen years, drifting with them through the hills amid summer's heat and winter's snows, a rider meets some funny characters amongst the hump-backed woollies. Ride along the trail with me awhile, and I'll try to tell you of a few.

How well I remember an old dame buffalo we nick-named Calamity Jane. She was one of the eight hundred buffaloes who were transported from Montana, U.S.A., to Wainwright in 1909. Perhaps she resented this marvellous and thrilling transportation feat by the Canadian Government. Anyway, she landed here permanently soured on the human race and saddle-horses.

One wicked-looking horn sticking straight up, the other kinda drooping down over the left eye in a permanent wave effect, she certainly made a rightful picture. No, she wasn't bashful at all. Just stick your old stetson over a ridge, and if Calamity Jane was around she came ambling right over to get acquainted and clear the scenery of any or'nary human. Just yell "Calamity Jane!" and there'll be more than one rider break into a sweat and grab his hat—and she's been dead these long years.

. . . Enough brains to go about contentedly grazing, and enough brains to resent the interference of those things on horseback that are always knocking the joy out of life . . .

Then there was Lonesome. He was one of our early-day troubles. The old cuss always used to be off by himself. Preferred the brush patches. A great rangy brute with one lone stub horn and a pompadour that stood straight on end and a big grey scar down his ribs that looked as though a doctor had cut him open and forgotten to sew him up again. Say, that old boy would follow you a mile. Scared? Oh no! You get something about as big as a locomotive ambling along right behind you, and see how it feels, especially when it looks as if you just ain't going to get off the trail in time!

His pet stunt was to lie quiet in a brush patch till the unsuspecting rider came close and then, "woof"—and the race was on. Heavens! I've hit the cantle of my saddle so hard that my back teeth rattled when my frightened horse shied and hit out for the horizon. It was some time before we got wise as to what was the matter with the old cuss, but we learned after several scares that all we needed to do was to dodge around a brush patch and he would quit, gaze around, and go to eating contentedly. What was the matter? Why poor old Lonesome was blind and as deaf as a post. He could only travel by scent. Yes, he's dead too.

And there was Lizzie. Lizzie was another lady from the Foothills of Montana. All buffalo in shape, with a beautiful coat of rich dark brown hair, but showing the strain of her renegade dad in a big Roman nose and light brown eyes. Plumb gentle too, every winter she used to be at the bunk-house door looking for potato-peelings and scraps. She holds the distinction of being the only buffalo that I've ever heard of that knocked a white man for a loop with a mop-handle.

Strewth! One morning Lizzie was enjoying herself eating scraps out of a pail just under the bunk-house window when one of the boys took a notion to see how high and far the old girl could jump (forgetting that a buffalo can kick a fly off its ear without any effort), so he poked the mop carefully through the window into her ribs, and wow! She moved all right, and so did the mop-handle. Jim just about lost his jaw-bone too. Swears to this day that it was old Lizzie's hind-leg that came through that window instead of the mop-handle.

It is more than ten winters now since the old girl has shown up in the herd. Such is life. I guess her bones lie out on the hills and her spirit is in buffalo heaven where there are neither red nor white humans to bother her and the grass is ever green and long.

Then White Locks, too, was shipped from the south in 1909. A big rangy bull of some forty odd summers, he had an extraordinary massive head and two wicked-looking, ragged horns. This boy had stories to tell could he have talked. You could tell it by the arrogant swing of his huge shoulders and the contempt in his cold blue eyes when he backed into a brush heap and dared any horse and rider to "just try and move me!" The predominant feature of this Government baby was a white patch of hair on his forehead about 8 in. across. Now you know that the hide on a buffalo's forehead averages 1½ in. in thickness, add a heavy mass of coarse hair, and you'll have to admit it would take something pretty heavy to put a scar into that.

What put that white patch on his head? Well at first I thought that someone had emptied a charge of buckshot into his old bean in the early days. A couple of years ago he was shot in the annual beef round-up, and I had an opportunity of examining the scalp and skull. No buckshot, but both ears were torn, the left one especially looked as though a sharp knife had ripped it down from top to bottom into four or five pieces. I had heard a story of a fight between a buffalo bull and a grizzly told by a hunter in the Foothills, and I often wonder if old White Locks, with his torn ears and ripped scalp, might not have been the hero of that story.

Which brings us to the white buffalo. That is, is there a white buffalo in existence? Well, I've seen over 20,000 buffaloes and never seen a white one yet. The imaginary existence of white buffaloes has been caused by the Indian myth which states that the last remnants of the once vast buffalo herds disappeared into the north headed by a giant white buffalo bull. Quite true, they went north all right, and stayed there too. Some hundreds of their descendants still roam the north, but in all these years there has never been a white one reported, or a white hide marketed yet by red or white trapper. I have talked to quite a few of the old Indians of various tribes, old hunters of eighty and ninety summers who in their younger days roamed the flats with the buffalo herds. They will tell you of the phantom white leader. No, they never saw any white buffalo themselves, but it was a story told in the teepees and around the lodge fires.

But there's White-tail—he just joined us last spring. The brush of his tail is pure white. Eureka! The white buffalo at last, and he's a gentleman too. Don't tell anybody I told you this now. This little buffalo calf had the sad and painful misfortune of getting his tail stepped on one day when he was lying dozing in the sunshine. In the excitement he jumped, but left part of his tail under the offending hoof. However Nature was good and healed things up in her kind old way, but the hair came in white, and there he is.

At least that's my idea of what happened to White-tail. Some day it is quite possible that Mother Nature will forget herself and we shall be able to show the world a real white buffalo. I hope I'm around about that time, because that will be the day when the ends of the rainbow meet.

There are about twenty head of what we term brindles, or amber-horned buffalo, in the herd. These animals are coloured light and dark brown with hoofs and horns pure amber-colour. Their origin or where they came from is impossible to say. Although there have been only one or two of these animals killed, they do not seem to increase very fast, and we only notice about the same number passing through the corrals during our annual round-up.

One peculiar trait of the buffalo is that he cannot be domesticated in the true sense of the word. You can pen him up and break his heart, feed him and pamper him, but he'll always revert at the first opportunity. There are several old bulls that I have practically hand-fed every winter for years. They show up in the fall, but try getting a little familiar, and they either show fight or beat it, and are never to be trusted.

Old Bob-tail, for instance. I've pampered him for five years now. He eats what I have to offer and then puts me over the fence on the high jump. Is that gratitude or a demonstration of animal affection?

Peculiar traits? Well, they chew the cud like a cow, roll like a horse, but not all the way over—their humps won't let them. So they have to get up and turn the other side. (This is their only Christian trait.) They invariably get up like a horse, that is front legs first, but if scared come up on all four and light a-running, and when I say running I mean they can get up speed from the first jump faster than any large mammal I know of.

It is generally treated as a joke (especially by those who don't have to do the riding) when a story is told of a rider getting chased by a fighting buffalo. "Why didn't you stop and bluff the old girl out?" is the general comment heard. Sure it's funny. Funny as the devil, especially in badger-hole country, hell-for-leather with a mad buffalo under your horse's tail, knowing that if your horse stumbles at that speed something has got to happen. It's bad enough to have 1,200 lb. of rolling, kicking horse-meat on your neck without the addition of another 14 to 18 cwt. of live buffalo trailing right along behind. If you clear the saddle in the mix-up it's a 100 to 1 shot that the horse beats you on the rebound and leaves you there on the back of your neck to talk cold turkey to friend buffalo. All this coupled with the fact that you are fifteen or twenty miles from any help. Sure it's a joke! The only man who can imagine what it is like in the above circumstances, and how it safe it is, is the guy who has just fallen out of an aeroplane and can't locate the release ring of his parachute.

No, we never stop to argue much with a buffalo on the fight. "Avoid 'em when you can and run when you have to" is the best slogan. A rider's first consideration should be for his horse; why take a chance on getting him disembowelled because someone safely sitting in a car suggests bluffing them out.

Sure I've seen a horse hit and do a cart-wheel with his entrails torn out. The rider? Oh, he only cracked some ribs and tied himself in a knot around some willows and watched the old guy with the scythe go by in the form of a mad buffalo, so close that the buffalo's hoof knocked an eyebrow off.

Don't let me scare you, stranger. Look at those brown woollies, hundreds of them grazing contentedly on the hills and flats. You could ride through here for months. They are not vicious. They are just as God made 'em I guess. Yes, they've got brains, some anyhow. Enough to go about contentedly grazing and enough to resent the interference of those things on horseback that are always knocking the joy out of life.

. . . Look at those brown woollies grazing contentedly on the hills and flats. They are not vicious. They are just as God made 'em I guess. They've got brains; some anyhow . .

UNCAGED LIONS AT THE ZOO: Julia and Caesar, the lion cubs at Regent's Park, are watched in their open pen by a great crowd

TAME *Beasts of the* WILD

CATCH AS CATCH CAN: One of the stunts at the Luna Park Zoo, Los Angeles, is a wrestling match between Jackie, a three-year-old lion, and Mr. Melvin Koontz. The ineffable American captionist's comment on the bout is that Mr. Koontz is not only in danger of losing the match, but his wrestling trunks as well!

DRAGONS OF TO-DAY: Monitor lizards brought to the Bronx Zoo by the Nourmahal Expedition. The monitors are distinguished from other lizards by a long forked tongue which retracts into a basal sheath as in snakes. They have no dorsal crest, and may attain a length of 6 ft. The majority of them are carnivorous, amphibious, and dwell in waterside burrows. The tail is a swimming agent and a weapon of defence

GREAT WATERFALLS of the WORLD (II)

The Second Instalment of "The Sphere's" Special Section devoted to the great though comparatively little known aqueous leaps throughout the World. Too many regard the notable cascades as limited to Niagara and Zambesi

By EDWARD C. RASHLEIGH

A GEM OF THE WESTERN BRAZILIAN HIGHLANDS: The Salto Bello on the Rio Sacre, a tributary of the Tapajos. The falls were visited and first described by the late President Roosevelt during his memorable Brazilian Expedition, 1913–1914. They are between 40 and 50 yds. in height, with a breadth two or three times as great, and have a large volume. The word *salto* means *waterfall*

Though not to be compared with the giant waterfalls described in the last issue of THE SPHERE those of which views are here reproduced are equally arresting, in their own fashion.

The Salto Bello on the Rio Sacre and the Utiarity Falls on the Rio Papagaio, of which latter mention has already been made, are both situated in the highland wilderness of Western Brazil and on tributaries of the Juruena, the name given to the mighty Tapajos in its upper course, which again is an affluent of the still mightier Amazon. These two falls which are within eight miles of each other were both discovered by Colonel Rondon, and were first described by the late President Roosevelt in his book, *Through the Brazilian Wilderness*, after his memorable trip down the Rio Dúvida in 1913–1914. He depicts the Salto Bello as having a sheer drop of 40 or 50 yards with a breadth two or three times as great, the volume of water being large.

"The river," he writes, "after throwing itself over the rock wall, rushes off in long curves at the bottom of a thickly wooded ravine, the white water churning among the black boulders. There is a perpetual rainbow at the foot of the falls. The masses of green water that are hurling themselves over the brink dissolve into shifting, foaming columns of snowy lace."

Lieutenant Lyra estimated that they could furnish 36,000 h.p. It may be added, however, that the Utiarity Falls are twice as high and twice as broad, and Colonel Roosevelt doubted if any falls in North America, except of course Niagara, excelled them in grandeur.

The two fine falls on the Yellowstone River, in the National Park of that name in Wyoming, have long been famous. The upper fall of which a view is here shown, is 109 ft. in height, and though eclipsed by a lower one a further half-mile down stream, which has a sheer leap of 308 ft., is well worthy to be included among the minor notable falls of the world. After passing out of Yellowstone Lake the river flows over a succession of rapids, rushing and twisting in numerous turns between rocky cliffs, and attaining great velocity at the point where it makes its leap. It is the wonderful setting of these two falls, however, neither of which, it is satisfactory to note can now suffer the spoliation of being harnessed, which constitutes their chief glory. For though not of the surpassing magnitude of the Grand Canyon of Colorado, that of the Yellowstone River, besides being some 1,200 ft. deep and 2,000 ft. wide beyond the lower fall, presents a perfect riot of the most magnificent colouring; nor does it yield much to its greater rival in the extraordinary diversity and fantasy of the spires, pinnacles, and battlements into which its tremendous walls are carved.

It is a far cry from the Yellowstone Park to Basutoland in whose range of Maluti Mountains the mighty Orange has its source, and where also, as likewise in Northern Rhodesia, there are a number of fine falls, most of which, even to-day, are but little known.

Basutoland has not undeservedly been called "the Switzerland of South Africa." Its mountainous districts are full of falls which, in many cases, leap out into the most wild and savage chasms, the streams passing in their lower courses through contrastingly lovely valleys clad with dense vegetation. Of these the falls of Maletsunyane and Ketane are perhaps the most noteworthy. The former has a sheer drop variously estimated at between 630 and 660 ft., the Ketane being 400 ft. Though but small in volume in the dry season, the Maletsunyane River fills up rapidly after the heavy rains, and at that time the falls present a magnificent spectacle which is heightened by the grim and eerie nature of their surroundings. Were it situated in ancient Scandinavia there is little doubt but that the Vikings of old would have regarded this fall as especially the haunt of trolls and demons. Major E. A. T. Dutton records that the cauldron into which it plunges is shunned by the Basuto as "the retreat of noxious reptiles and evil spirits"; and Sir Godfrey Lagden, K.C.M.G., in his book, *The Basutos*, further says that they fear to approach the brink of the cataract. The same superstitious awe among the natives was remarked by George Thompson in the case of the King George's Falls, and it was formerly observed as well among the Barotse as regards the Victoria Falls.

"Below these falls," writes Sir Godfrey Lagden ". . . is a world of the weirdest description where the solitary wanderer experiences a sense of awe, for he feels almost to have sunk into the bowels of the earth. The mighty rush of water from above after floods has cleft the ground asunder and, quickening its course downwards through innumerable channels, has left gigantic pillars which in fantastic shape stand there frowning, and threatening to fall upon the observer if he but stares at them."

A view of a smaller Japanese edition of the Maletsunyane Falls, known as the Falls of Kegon, or Kegon-no-taki, is given on the opposite page.

A TORRENT OF BASUTOLAND: The Maletsunyane Falls which are some 630–660 ft. in height

THE UPPER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING: This is only 109 ft. in height and is eclipsed by the lower fall, which has a leap of 308 ft. One feature of this fall is the velocity which the river attains. These falls can never be harnessed

The FALLS of KEGON

(or Kegon=no=taki) in the NIKKO MOUNTAINS of JAPAN

Though Japan can boast no great rivers, the sine qua non *of great waterfalls, its mountainous districts contain many beautiful waterfalls of comparatively small volume, especially in the lovely ravines of the Nikko Mountains. The Kegon-no-taki falls, shown above, have a drop of about 250 ft., and though their volume is but slender in the spring season, it is greatly augmented after the usual heavy summer rains, when the river shoots out in spate over the edge of an overhanging precipice into a deep and gloomy pool below. In fact, the whole environment of the falls is sombre and forbidding, and seems the natural setting for gloomy deeds. The stream which forms these falls emerges from Lake Chuzenji, which is one of the highest in Japan, having an altitude of 4,375 ft. and a maximum depth of no less than 930 fathoms.*

AN ENTHUSIAST FOR A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE: Prince Michael of Alva Julia, late King of Rumania and heir to the throne, was enthralled by his entertainment on the British cruisers now visiting Constanza

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

writes on

RUMANIA'S WAR-LORD: Marshal Avarescu, who commanded the Rumanian Army in the War, receives from his old command a walking-stick carved in oak-leaves symbolic of victory and overlaid with gold as a token of his leadership

STRENGTHENING HIS COUNTRY: General Drago, the Rumanian Military Governor of Bessarabia, who is strengthening the defences on the Russian frontier; operations watched with interest by the Soviet

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

AN INDIAN DORA.—Gandhi's wife! What glamour must surround her in the eyes of the secluded zenana dweller, who visualizes in Mrs. Gandhi the glorification of Indian womanhood, privileged to be the companion, comforter, inspiration perhaps, of the great Nationalist leader to whom the whole nation is looking for "salvation."

Far from sharing the limelight with her world-famous husband, or treading the orator's platform with his bolder feminine supporters, Mrs. Gandhi remains an enigma to the curious, who can learn no more than that she remains the perfect type of husband-worshipping Hindu wife.

"Faithful, silent, almost colourless," a friend describes her. "Where Gandhi goes, she goes, watching her husband's health.

It cannot be easy to live up to such saintliness as is credited to Mahatma Gandhi, even by his adversaries and many British. Not so long ago he publically reproved his wife in the columns of *Young India* for holding back, or mixing up, some three or four rupees of the *ashram's* communal finances.

It would be interesting to know Mrs. Gandhi's real thoughts on this and other subjects. But as the ideal wife, she says nothing, and continues her self-effacing service.

HITLER LOQUITUR.—"Germany is faced by two alternatives. National Socialism—the ideals, aims, and principles for which that stands—or Communism with its subversive doctrine and goal." Herr Adolf Hitler speaking.

We were chatting at the house of a friend in Münich. The head of the so-called German "Fascisti" movement, whose sensational leap in the German election of September 14 from twelve to 107 seats in the Reichstag startled Europe, does not at all look like the political firebrand I had imagined.

Of medium height, pale complexion, rather English in appearance, reserved and quiet until roused to enthusiasm, Adolf Hitler gives the impression of standing aloof in the isolation of his idealism. Until eighteen months ago he lived in one room with a workman and his family, planning, working, through the nights, which was the only peaceful time for study. Now he lives in almost Spartan simplicity in three rooms, has never smoked, is practically a teetotaller, denies himself wife and children in order to give himself entirely to his vocation. "I am wedded to my career," he says. Hitler sincerely believes himself inspired to save Germany.

With three million unemployed, possibly five million before the winter is over, with four and a half million Communists and over eight million Socialists, with tremendous taxes, "unbearable burden of the annual tribute called 'Reparations' under the Young Plan," Herr Hitler believes that Germany is rapidly swinging towards Bolshevism, and that it is his mission, as it was Mussolini's in Italy, to save Germany from that Red fate.

Three main things are necessary to achieve that salvation, he tells me. That the National Socialist Party obtain control of the German Government; that the Versailles Treaty be revised; that the Reparation "tribute" cease, at least be greatly reduced. He has set out to accomplish all three. It is his dream—his vision.

"Julius Cæsar is my model," Mussolini told me in July, 1925. Herr Hitler might have said to me, "Mussolini is my model," but he did not. He has not the stern face nor the burning eyes of Mussolini. His eyes are colder, harder. His manner is refined, his voice resonant, his fervour no less fanatical than that of the Duce.

When we talked together, and that was immediately after the election, I had the impression of a man who, as major of a battalion, had led his troops in battle against generals and overwhelming forces with such amazing victorious strategy, tactics, and inspiration, that an enormous army placed itself under his leadership overnight and he suddenly found himself elevated to the rank of Field-Marshal. The army was waiting for orders. Responsibility makes for thoughtfulness. I found Herr Hitler very thoughtful.

Herr Hitler's dream of freeing Germany from the fetters of Versailles and the burden of the Young Plan is nothing sudden. It began in 1922, culminated in 1923 with the "*Putsch*" in Münich, led by himself and General Ludendorff. It was to have been the beginning of the "March on Berlin," emulating Mussolini's March on Rome. Collapse under a volley from the Reichswehr was then believed to have buried Hitler for ever. The world did not know Hitler. To-day he has six-and-a-half million voters behind him, an "Army of Discontent."

A "Nationalist" as he defines such, he explains to me, is a "man or woman who places his or her own country before other countries, who recognizes that he or she has a duty to that country or community, and that the interests of country or community must come before personal interests."

The "Socialist" part in his Party comes from "social equity." Hitler explains that it is "not anti-property, that it encourages individualism, individual effort and efficiency, and has nothing to do with the Marxist Socialism and anti-property crusade of the Socialist Party."

BI-CALLIGRAPHIC TURKEY.—Of New Turkey's 8,500,000 population some 5,000,000 still remain illiterate. This in spite of Kemal Pasha's efforts to simplify education by means of Latinizing the Turkish alphabet. If the present system of giving a very primary education to half a million adults yearly continues and is successful, it will still take ten years before the average Turk can read, write, and support a modern literature in the reformed script.

According to an interesting report by Lucile Saunders, one thousand books have been printed in Turkey since the Latinized alphabet was introduced two years ago. Eighty per cent. are school-books, the remainder includes forty novels, thirty collections of children's stories, and fifteen volumes of poetry. Miss Saunders reveals that while the number of writers is said to have increased since Arabic letters were abandoned, they are finding no publishers because of sales difficulties.

In the case of each novel from 200 to 2,000 copies are printed, but those selling over 500 copies are rare. Turkey's "best seller," *The Wren*, by Reshad Nouri, has never been reprinted in the new characters, although since its appearance four years ago nearly 25,000 copies have been sold in the old characters. *The Wren* is the only modern Turkish work which has been translated into another language—German—and Reshad Nouri stands alone amongst modern Turkish novelists.

A new Turkish dictionary containing 30,000 words is expected to be of great assistance in popularizing the "reformed written language."

STORMS, MENTAL AND PHYSICAL.—The hurricane that devastated San Domingo has stirred up another storm in its wake—an intellectual one. News that the tomb of Columbus in the Cathedral of San Domingo was not damaged has reopened the old quarrel, "Where are the remains of Christopher Columbus?"

Spain says of course his tomb was not damaged in the San Domingo hurricane. It is in the Cathedral of Seville. San Domingo and other parts of the New World dispute that.

Columbus died in Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506. Ignoring his wishes to be buried in the New World he had discovered and not in Spain where he had been put in prison, Columbus was interred in the Franciscan monastery of Santa Maria de las Cuevas. In 1530, twenty-four years after his death, his wish was finally granted. He was exhumed and taken to San Domingo, where upon orders of King Carlos V a tomb was made on the left side of the High Altar in the Cathedral of San Domingo for Columbus and his son Diego. Resentment of the high clergy of the Cathedral against the burial of the Discoverer of America under the High Altar caused them to omit marks or names on the leaden casket.

According to the Spanish Academy of Science, Columbus was again exhumed towards the end of the eighteenth century, when his remains were removed to Havana in 1898, when Spain lost Cuba, the Spanish assert that they again took up Columbus, brought his remains to Spain, and placed them in a tomb in the Cathedral of Seville.

San Domingo authorities claim that Columbus still rests in the Cathedral of San Domingo and that he was never removed from there. They point out that during restoration work in the Cathedral in 1877 four tombs, three with a leaden coffin in each and one empty, were discovered under the Altar of the Cathedral. One was identified as that of Don Luis, nephew of Columbus, another as that of Captain-General Ramirez, who died in 1811, and in the third coffin on the inside was found the name "Cristoval Colon," also a small silver plate amongst the bones with that name on it. The empty tomb, the coffin of which had been removed to Havana and then to Seville, is believed by the San Domingo authorities to be that of Don Diego, Columbus's son. Spain will not admit that.

MATRIARCHY IN THE FUTURE.—Man's rôle on earth in a distant but visible future will be chiefly biological. He will take life easily while woman will work for him and run the world. That is the vision of Princess Lucien Murat of Paris.

"I believe that in time, Man, whose mission it is to maintain the race, will—without alcohol or any great emotions—retire to a sort of idyllic harem, while Woman will work to support him. And if there are still gentlemen in that day, the men will consider it their sole mission in life to make women happy." So said the Princess during an interview in Paris.

The Princess stressed the great rôle women have played in History. The greatest rulers of Britain and Russia were women. Perhaps the saviour of Russia will be a woman! Democracy has made women rivals, not merely advisers of men.

"As things have been, men governed nations, women ruled the men." Some day women will rule States, and men be satisfied to please women! The Princess, who was Princess Rohan before she married the descendant of the Napoleonic King of Naples, did not attempt to fix the date when this reversal of rôles will take place.

"The SPHERE" SURVEYS the WORLD

THE RED AIR FLEET: With the Red propaganda, without which no public or private ceremony is complete in Red Russia, twenty new 'planes, provided by various labour groups, have been added to the Red air fleet and are now hangared in the new Frunze aerodrome in Moscow.

A ROYAL PLEASAUNCE TURNED PEASANTS' PLAYGROUND: Young "Pioneers" training in gymnastics and woodcraft on the Semenovskoie Estate, Moscow

THE INTERNATIONAL DAY OF YOUTH: The House of the Soviets in Moscow ablaze with banners on the 16th anniversary of the great revolutionary festival

Russia is the last of the nations to adopt sports on a large scale as a means of developing youth. In addition to physical culture and gymnastics the Soviet is training its youth in woodcraft and pioneer work, with an eye to the development of the huge tracts of what is now waste land, thus relieving the desolation and stimulating the production of the country. Moscow's efforts towards the youth of the country range from an indifference stigmatized by humanitarians as shameful neglect to a care regarded by democrats as tyranny

ATHEISTIC WORSHIPPERS OF THE SUN: Despite the legally enforced irreligion of Russia, a visitor to its many parts might well be excused for believing that the solar myth yet exerted its power, for Muscovy has caught the sun-cult from Germany and their mutual neighbour, Poland. "Pioneers," a class now under training by the Soviet in woodcraft and physical culture, are seen above on the Semenovskoie Estate, formerly a Tsarist preserve

DAMS
and Matters Mechanical

A QUARRY WHERE WORK IS AT A STANDSTILL: One of the twelve quarries whence stone is taken to heighten the Assuan Dam. Nearly a year ago the contract for the heightening of the dam by 30 ft. (the second of such contracts) was given to Messrs. Norton-Griffiths of London, who say that owing to the nature of the control exercised by the Egyptian Government engineers' staff the work has been brought to a standstill

A GIGANTIC SLUICE: There are no fewer than 180 of these sluices in the Assuan Dam, and between each a supporting buttress has to be built.

THE LINDBERGH BEACON: This dominates the Palmolive Building, Chicago. It points south-west, along the air-mail route to St. Louis followed by the Colonel on his transatlantic flight. The beacon was dedicated by President Hoover

THE TURBULENT SKAGIT TAMED: A down-river view of Seattle's new £1,000,000 Diablo Dam, on the Skagit River, on the western slope of the Cascade Mountains in Washington. The structure rises 389 ft. above the centre of the stream's bed, the highest dam of its kind in the world

Stoppage of work on the second heightening of the Assuan Dam has been ordered by the contractors, Sir John Norton-Griffiths and Company, owing to the nature of the control exercised by the resident engineer's staff of the Egyptian Government. The company declares that the supervision of work for the Government is in the hands of an inexperienced staff of Egyptian engineers who exercise authority in a manner that renders proper performanee of the contract impossible

NOT A SHIP BUT—the harbour offices of the new locks at Ijmuiden, the Netherlands, to be opened in a few weeks. The building has been designed to represent a vessel, and is symptomatic of modern architecture

DOWN A COAL MINE

with the **Sashalite**

AWAITING THE DESCENT: Miners at the top of the shaft of the Tilmanstone Colliery. *Above*—An exterior view of the Tilmanstone Colliery

ARMED WITH SAFETY-LAMPS: A group of miners preparing to descend. All miners must carry the famous Davy safety-lamp. They also carry a billy-can of water

First Pictures Ever Taken by Flash-light in a Coal Mine

GOING UP: One of the old cages in the Tilmanstone Colliery, Kent. In shape they were like octagonal buckets with open sides

It was eighty in the shade, but the sun had not yet had time to rob the green fields and trees of their wondrous beauty when the photographic expedition started for the Tilmanstone Colliery in Kent.

In addition to camera and attendant paraphernalia the expedition was forced to take with them the latest type of miner's safety-lamp.

Ensued a drop of 1,565 ft. in a steel cage—a big drop, but it only took 45 seconds. In this comparatively short space of time sunlight gave place to pitch-darkness. One almost lost one's sight, and half-way down one also seemed to lose one's hearing, but found it waiting for one at the bottom, while one's eyes, too, had by that time grown accustomed to the intense darkness.

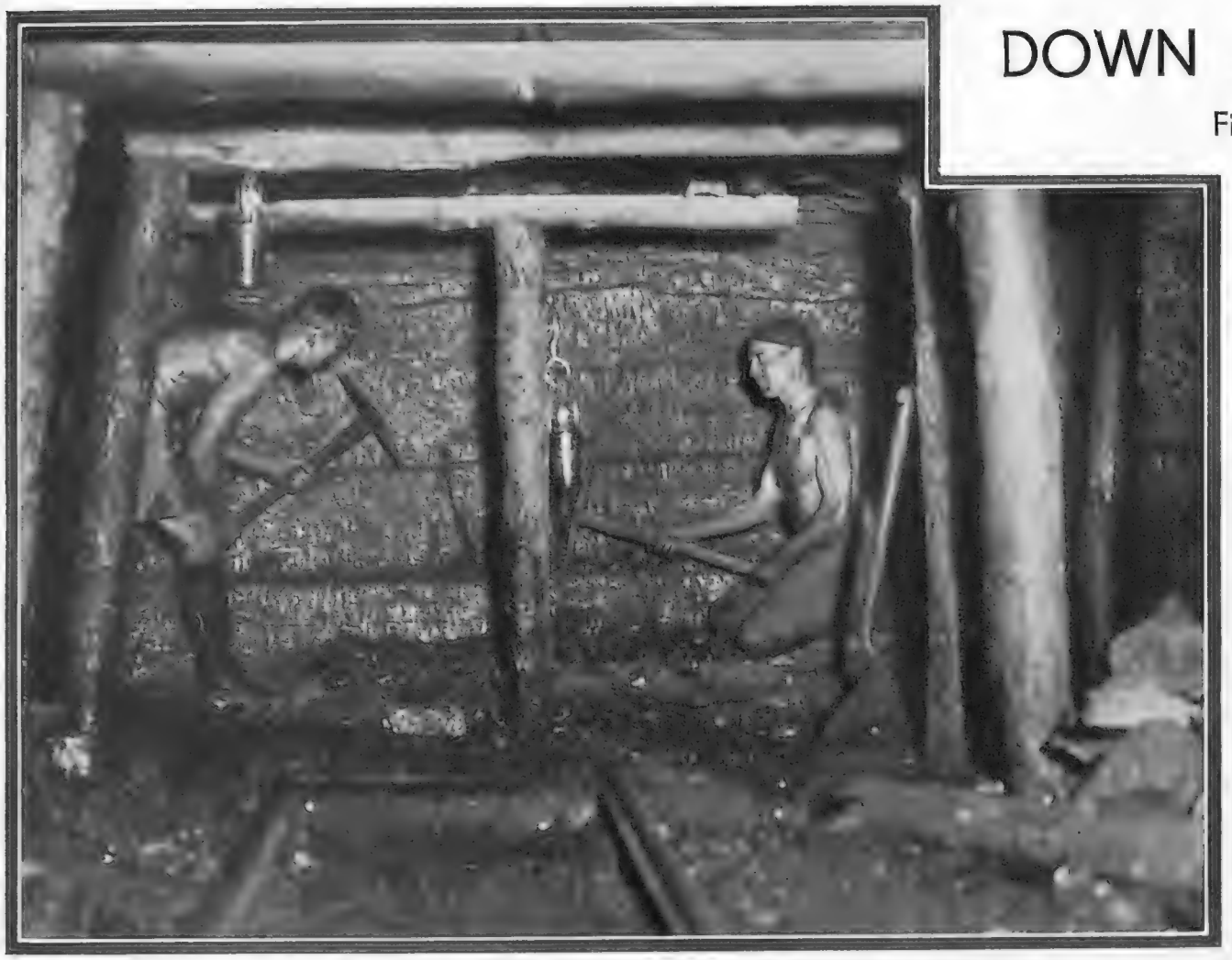
At times the stillness was profound, broken at intervals by a tremendous noise made all the more intense by reason of the contrasting periods of deadly silence. On the journey down the surroundings seemed to convey to the subconscious mind the impression that a heavy shower of rain was in progress. The man in charge of the cage, which served as a sort of primitive elevator, knew what to expect, and he was suitably dressed in an oilskin coat and sou'-wester. Actually one was merely being splashed by the water trickling down the vertical walls.

At the bottom, for the first mile, walking almost doubled, dragging camera and paraphernalia was the order of the day. Perspiration oozed from every pore. The men, stripped naked except for a loin-cloth, were lying in cramped positions chipping out coal with a pick or loading trolleys which are then pushed into the main gallery where they are collected together, fastened to a ropeway, and pulled to the bottom of the shaft ready to be placed into the three-way cages and taken to the surface, whence they are carried seven miles by overhead ropeway to Dover and loaded on to ships for transport to many various destinations. There was so much that was interesting that the expedition spent the better part of a day laden with a camera that seemed to increase in weight every moment and, with the aid of Sashalite, the

(Continued on following page)

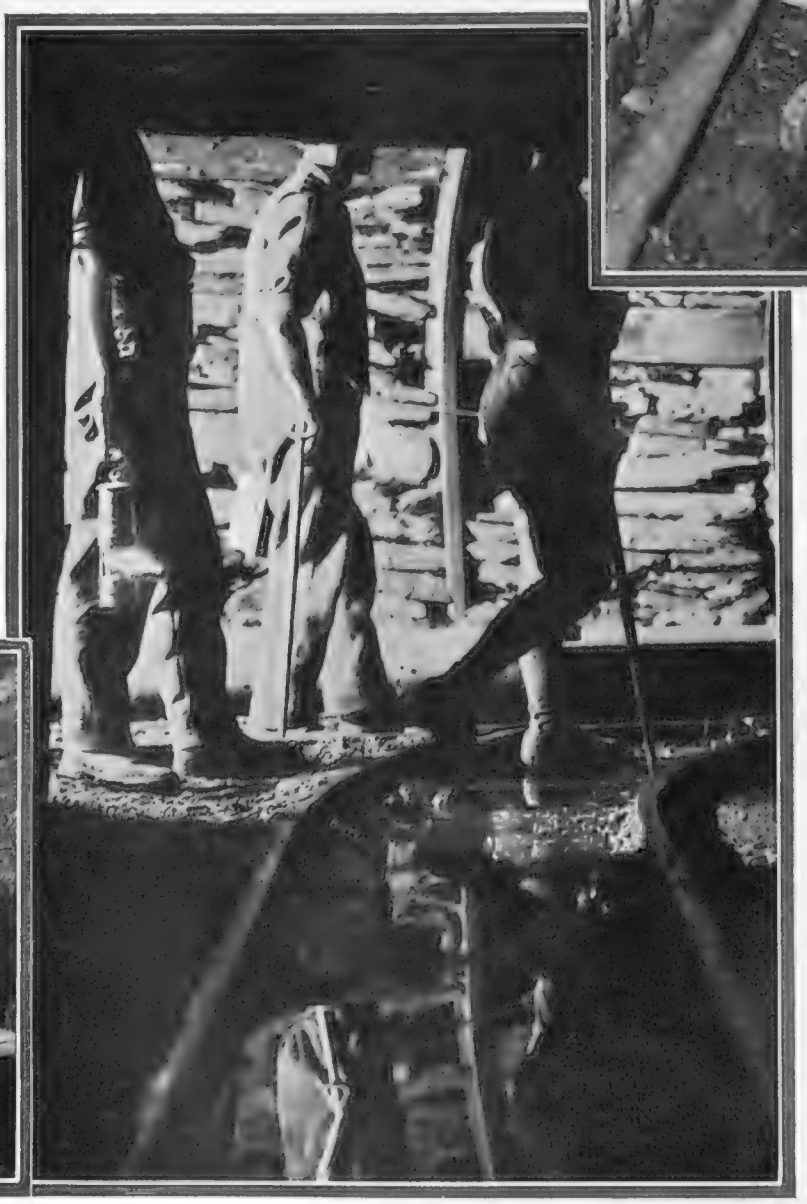
DOWN a COAL M

First Flash-light Photog



GREEK FRIEZE—IN ONYX! Two miners at work on the coal-face between the pit-props. Save for the flicker of Davy safety-lamps these men work in total darkness. The photography of such a scene is inconceivable without the aid of the Sashalite, for not only is flash-light forbidden but the ignition of a magnesium flare would probably create an explosion of dire consequence

TAKEN IN PITCH-DARKNESS: The depth the Sashalite can penetrate is exemplified in this picture. The men are 20 ft. from the foreground of the picture, which was taken with a baby reflector!



A SITE FOR A NEW PUMP: The preparations in train for the installation of a pump to deal with 2,000 gallons of water per minute. Were it not for such pumps the mines would flood

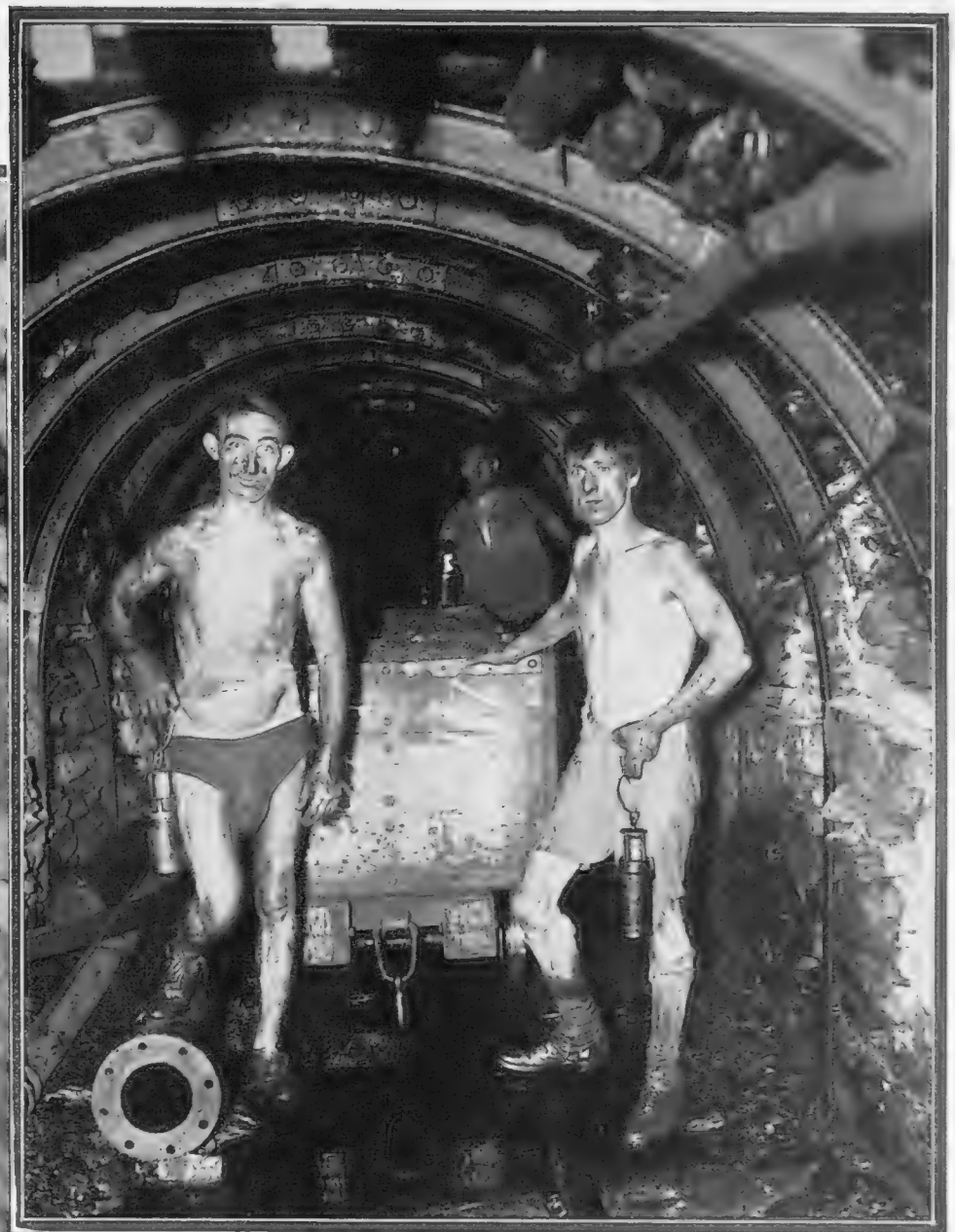
GOING TO A NEW SEAM: Miners crossing the truck-lines. The clear reflection testifies to the astonishing power of the Sashalite with which the picture was taken

(*Continued from preceding page*)

greatest advance in still photography lighting that the world has yet known in taking for the first time pictures down a mine, pictures which make it possible to realize and appreciate all that was seen of the lives of the miners at work without the extreme discomfort of a personal visit. The Sashalite is a new and entirely safe flash-light which is ignited by an ordinary pocket battery; it has no smoke, no noise, and is simple to use, enabling pictures to be taken without the danger and unpleasantness of the now old-fashioned and highly explosive flash powder and with no risk of causing an explosion in the mine. The pictures in this section show the miners wading knee-deep in water. Every once in a while the members of the expedition stumbled into [illegible] water, and it was then that the rumours heard during the national coal strike of the immense importance of keeping the pumps working and the mines clear of water turned with redoubled force to the mind. This thought again recurred when men

MINE with a SASHALITE

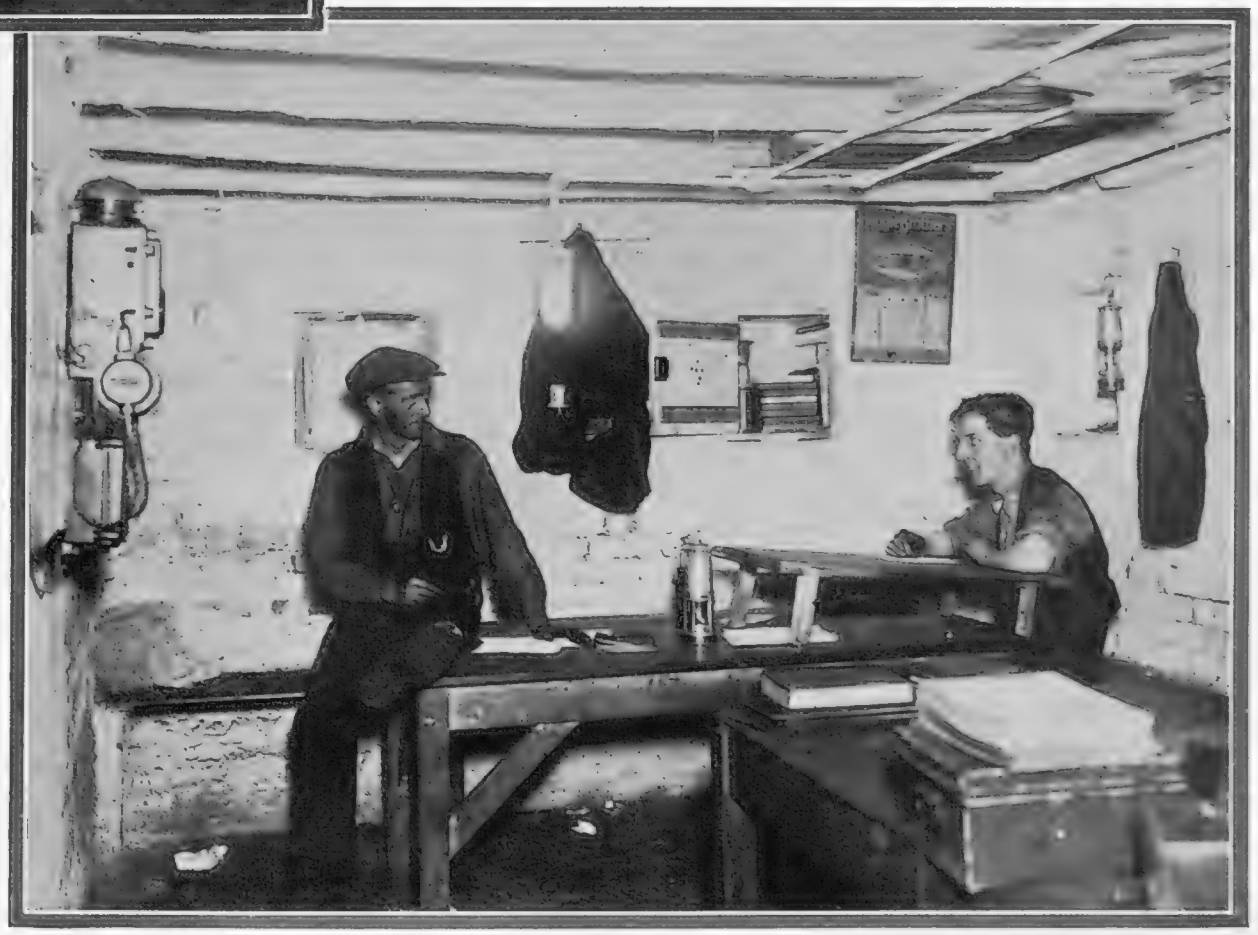
aphs Ever Taken in a Coal Mine



COAL MINE COSTUME: Two miners pushing a full truck along the lines 1,565 ft. below the surface. They are almost stripped owing to the great heat. The new steel archways are about 3 to 5 ft. apart, so that the Sashalite achieves a picture of a depth of 27 to 40 ft.

F OF 50 FT. RECORDED BY A FLASH: ding photographic testimony to the virtue of illuminant, the Sashalite, with which these pictures were taken

THE COAL-FACE: A miner at work. el is so low that it is impossible for a man of average height to stand erect in it



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IN THE UNDER-MINE-MANAGER'S OFFICE: A bricked-up hole in the wall 1,565 ft. below the surface of the earth. The under-mine-manager is on the left. On the occasion of a coal strike, although the miners do not go down the pits the pumps must still be manned or, at the settlement of the strike, the mines would be flooded out

seen installing the machinery for a new pump to deal with up to 2,000 gallons of water a minute should the necessity arise. The pumps, therefore, on occasion might be as important as the picks. Sometimes the expedition reached a lower level of the mine to take photographs upwards, but the heat and dreary darkness depressed us to a degree. Eventually a ventilating shaft was reached. Here there was a glorious draught of cool air which seemed like an icy blast blowing on a furnace, and finally a return to the main shaft was made, where the cage whirled the expedition up into the blinding sunlight. Quite ordinary things seemed then to take on a new wonder. The day's work in the coal mine was over and everybody was ready to return home. Although it was still eighty in the shade there were no complaints of the heat; the fields seemed to take on an added beauty; the very food tasted like food for the gods. No one who has been down a coal mine can ever again take coal as a matter of course.

THE LAST DANCE OF SUMMER : A decorative movement on the sands of Wissant

POISE AND COUNTERPOISE : An acrobatic group practising the feats of equilibrium that require not only physical strength but a delicate and skilled sense of balance

THE PERPENDICULAR : A Modernist study of straight lines in human form. *Inset above* — FLEXIBILITY INCARNATE : A charming athletic pose

HUMAN FORMS DIVINE

The Grace of Athletes

The CREAKING of STAIRS and VOICES in the DARK

The Elfin Art of Walter de la Mare and Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

A POET, EVEN TO HIS NAME: Mr. Walter de la Mare, whose latest work is reviewed on this page by Mr. Cecil Roberts

There is such an elfin grace, such an otherwordliness about the work of Mr. Walter De La Mare that I have sometimes wondered if he really exists in the flesh. Even his name sounds an invention; too much what a poet's name should sound like. Years ago he wrote a poem, *The Listeners*, of which he must now be heartily sick, wherein a Spenserian horseman came up to a house in a Grimm-fairytale-forest and asked if there was anybody there. Since then his work has always had the quality of something overheard, like the mysterious night noises in a silent house. I picked up his new book, *On the Edge* (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), appropriately named since it deals with the borderline between fact and fancy, and again felt sure there was no such person as Walter de la Mare, even though that very afternoon I had played tennis with two sons of his on a Maidenhead lawn, athletic evidence of a physical existence. I began reading in what was the most likely atmosphere to encourage the ghosts of his prose, in an oak-raftered room illumined with soft lamplight, and flames flickering in a three-hundred-year-old grate. And when a moth beat in out of the poplar-sentinelled night of my garden, its noisy perturbation in the dazed orbit of a lamp globe seemed a violent intrusion of life upon the ethereal scene of Mr. de la Mare's stories.

I do not think any author, however clever in evoking the mysterious, is justified in leaving his reader stranded in the callous manner in which Mr. de la Mare leaves one in the opening story, *A Recluse*. It tells us of a strange house, of the stranger Mr. Bloom, an old man who stole the gear key of a visitor's car so that he was compelled to stay the night. That is all the story, but the suggestions that arise in the telling are infinite. One is on the edge of the incredible throughout, and then, just when one expects the mystery to be solved, particularly as to whether Mr. Bloom ever slept in his bed, whether it was a waxen effigy that his visitor detected there, whether there were other persons in the house with whom Mr. Bloom conversed during the night, the author makes a dash away from any solution, or suggestion of a solution. It looks as though he had failed to complete his story; as if, having created such a hair-raising situation, he had been unable to supply any adequate explanation of the events of that awesome night.

No, I think Mr. de la Mare has no right to play tricks of this kind on his reader. But that shall be my only complaint. He atones for his evasion in the other seven stories. How gossamer-slight they are, and yet with what sure magic they conjure up incredible vistas of the mind's miasmas! Take Mrs. Cotton, the mother of the "defunct" poet, whose astonishing destruction of an interviewer, seeking information upon her deceased son, leaves one paralysed. How vivid she is, how inexorably platitudinous! And yet she had a splendour in her banality—

> "Nowadays one has only to write a book, it seems, to make even one's kitchen cat an animal worth adorning a newspaper with. And not merely literary men but quite young actresses, apart from soaps and cigarettes and cosmetics and that sort of thing, are invited, almost as a matter of course apparently, by editors of newspapers, who must be quite intelligent men, to air their views on marriage, or the soul, or a future life."

And only in a de la Mareish dream could one meet Cecil Jennings of *At First Sight*, grandmother-bound in that deadly solicitous love that destroys the younger generation incapable of ruthlessness with fond relations. All his life an optical disability preventing him from raising his head, and therefore seeing nothing but a proscribed circumference around his feet, restricting his world. He fell in love with and courted a woman whose face he was incapable of seeing. As a study in utter futility it has no equal. There is another story of an heroic creature who has done what I have longed to do all my life. He found himself, with only a pound in his pocket, in a universal store, and ordered everything he fancied, making full use of those facilities for spending a fortune which such places provide. Finally he departed, having bought a nine-and-elevenpenny umbrella to cope with the downpour. It is to be hoped this delightful extravaganza will not inspire some adventurous young man to give Harrod's or Selfridge's a hectic day. Mr. Philip Pim's orgy was conducted with such intelligent taste that one could wish him the £200,000 with which to settle his account.

Let no light reader attempt this book. Mr. de la Mare has his own manner of telling a story. He lurks in the shadows of afterthoughts; the dawn of an idea is banished before it grows to clarified noon; his sentences shine like a gossamer across windows opening to alluring vistas. A worn phrase is re-pointed in the building up of an idea; you are on the edge of something that ever threatens to break into music, charming but nigh inarticulate. If you can hold language on your tongue as a fine vintage, then here is the book for an eclectic palate.

Years ago, too many years ago I realize with a shock, a boy of seventeen, who was quite sure he was destined to be England's great poet used to climb five flights of stairs to a studio in a provincial town. There he found a victim, a benign and remarkable man, forty years older than himself, with the head of Meredith and a heart of gold. On the ground floor stood a brush shop, on the top floor this studio. Below, the skilled brushmaker made himself a thriving business; above, the artist painted pictures that won him fame. The brushmaker and the painter were the same man, and if a boy's ambition drooped, on that fifth storey it revived. In those years of tender adolescence, when a kind word fed the flame of high-leaping ambition, was founded whatever faith I have in my fellow men. Now here comes a book with the name of that old friend on it. A more unpromising title and subject could not be devised, *The Old Trade Unions* (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.), but what a romance its author, William Kiddier, has made of it.

It sets forth the history of the Union of Brushmakers from about 1806 on, but it is really an absorbing picture of the condition of England and its working-classes, before and during the Reform. No student of political history can afford to miss this enlightening cross-section of life. That it concerns brushmakers matters little, if its author will pardon me—it is a contribution to the history of the rise of the working-man. Here is an Unemployment Fund long before the politicians thought of it, a Society meeting in secret because it was illegal, and a Tramping Route for out-of-work brushmakers that covered more than a thousand miles and forty-four towns. Three shillings in money, a shilling for beer, sixpence for a bed, such was the average relief. The bankers of the societies were the landlords of the taverns in which they met. "They made a brotherhood in a Trade spread over the length and breadth of the country. The bond of fellowship grew strong from the necessity of tramping. Long before the railway was invented they knew the geography of the country from having tramped many a mile and many a road." With patient industry Mr. Kiddier has pieced together the lives of these forefathers of the Trade Union. There is something deeply moving in the sobriety and the nobility of spirit that shines from the minutes of the old records he has unearthed. The Hungry Forties is reflected here, the passion for Reform, the grim fight for existence by men whose union was illegal, whose funds could not be openly invested, and yet whose Articles of Membership began with the provision "That no person shall be admitted a member who is not well affected to his present Majesty and the Protestant Succession." And much concerning the early and honourable functions of our public houses emerges in this record.

We know well the lives of our statesmen, we know too little of the obscure lives of those whose destinies they controlled. Here the roof is raised from the humble dwellings of the unnamed. There is nothing revealed that does not do honour to their obscurity. I should hesitate to recommend to the general reader a book that seems concerned primarily with the history of the Society of Brushmakers, but the book is so human, such an intimate and moving document, with such a strong personality, often provocative, but always vital, expressed in every sentence, that I have no fears. But it should be bought primarily for enlightenment, not entertainment.

Poor dear Queen Victoria. They will not leave her alone, and more and more she emerges as a meddlesome, obstinate old lady, but, when the worst is said, a great little woman who knew how to be a Queen, and was determined everyone else should know it. Nothing better than this book, *Sidelights on Queen Victoria*, by the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby (Macmillan. 21s.) could be devised to make ridiculous the panoply that surrounds royalty, and the obsequiousness it promotes. Here are storms in a teacup that would not be good enough for comic opera. Prince Leiningen, of the Royal yacht, fired a gun. It shook the Admiralty, the Cabinet, the First Lord, the Prince of Wales and, ultimately, the Queen. Had the Prince the right to fire that gun, was it not the ancient right of the officer commanding the Channel Fleet? An irate Admiral forbade the firing of the gun. The Prince again fired it. The explosion shook the whole Constitution. Notes, letters, conferences, the privileges of royalty, such a hullabaloo over that fatal gun in 1872. Five minutes common sense should have sufficed, but common sense is a rare commodity where dignity fights for its own.

(Continued on p. 40)

briefly commended

Here is a reading list. Foremost stands Brig.-General E. L. Spears's immense volume **Liaison** (Heinemann. 20s. net.)—I think it will provoke another War controversy. He was liaison officer, and an admirable one, between the French and British Armies in France during the opening phase. Charleroi, Mons, and Guise battles are detailed here. He had the complete confidence of Lord French; he had insight into French character. He saw how things went wrong. He gives the story of the armies of the left wing and of "that hideous and measureless miscalculation of almost every factor" made by Joffre, according to Churchill's comment. The book abounds in brilliant portraits, touches of intense humanity, and is extremely well documented. No serious student of the Great War can overlook this contribution to its history.

I have read **I Spy, by** *Baroness Carla Jenssen* (Jarrolds. 18s. net.), and must frankly say I can believe only one quarter of it, and that the most disreputable quarter. The book ends with a grand seduction scene that belongs to fiction of the cheapest order.

Pictures and People, by *Roger Hinks and Naomi Royde-Smith* (Gollancz. 16s. net.)—A series of letters between Miss Royde-Smith in America, observing that continent, and Mr. Hinks in London, commenting on the Italian Exhibition.

Labels, by *Evelyn Waugh*. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)—The journal of a Mediterranean cruise, but so very sober that one hardly recognizes the mind and manner of the bright author of *Vile Bodies*.

The History of Tom Jones (Bodley Head. 35s. net.)—A de luxe edition in its Spencer Pryse illustrations. Note it for Christmas gifts.

The King's Pawns, by *Sir George MacMunn*. (Sheldon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)—Empire stories of the World War by a General who can write as well as fight.

King Spider, by *D. B. Wyndham Lewis*. (Heinemann. 21s. net.)—A serious and well-planned study of Louis XI of France.

The Diaries of Fulke Greville. (Bodley Head. 18s. net.)—A diary of the period of George III by the "Colonel Well-bred" of Madame D'Arblay.

Dreyfus, by *Walther Steinthal* (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)—A new, good version of this dramatic miscarriage of justice.

The ART of LIANA FERRI

Aspects of Antiquity in Modern Italy Recorded by a Brilliant Pencil

"PLAYER on the ZAMPOGNA"

The instrument is akin to the bagpipe

SHEPHERD Bearing CHEESES

A masculine version of the old French folk-song

A "BUTTERO" on the Roman CAMPAGNA

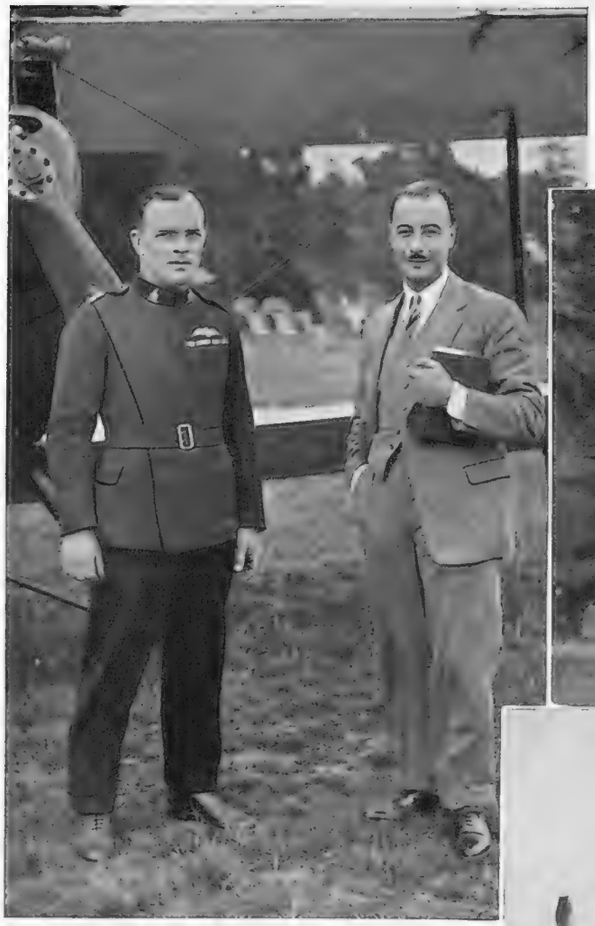
So overwhelming is the number of sights awaiting the visitor to Italy that many charming and curious details are necessarily overlooked. Yet a traveller might very well substitute all his churches, ruins, palaces, and galleries by less conspicuous perhaps, but also more vivid, more intimately human features, and still find his time fully occupied, his mind fully diverted. Who realises, for instance, that Italy has its cowboys as hardy and as temerarious as any in Texas? They live, year in, year out, in the saddle, these ***Butteri***, as they are called, nowadays almost exclusively occupied in guarding the herds of long-horned oxen on the Campagna Romana, while they used in the past to break in the now extinct wild horses from the Maremma. Liana Ferri, in her fine drawing, shows one of them, long-stirruped, with legs stiff as iron, mastering an animal about to buck. Another sketch by Liana Ferri shows a player on the ***Zampogna*** or species of bagpipes, a rare sight now in the Campagna but still quite usual in the Abruzzi. He comes on occasion to Rome, especially at Christmas, when he will play his melancholy tunes in the street and on the door-step of houses where a ***presepe***, or holy manger, has been arranged as is the custom in the churches and homes of Italy at that season. Most picturesque is the costume of the shepherd of the Campagna, who brings his cheeses, slung over his shoulder in nets, to the city markets himself. His breeches are made of goats' hides. The peasant women all still adhere to their national dress, even the younger ones. The very full skirts are striped with large coloured bands; the chemisette is in hand-woven linen; the laced bodice in handsome velvet or brocade. The head is covered with a folded kerchief, and the ***ciocie***, or sandals, consist of a piece of unsewn leather raised round the foot and tied to the legs with thongs.

ROMAN WOMAN with JUG

M. C.

A NOTABLE AIR CLUB

Special "Sphere" Pictures of the Hanworth Air Club

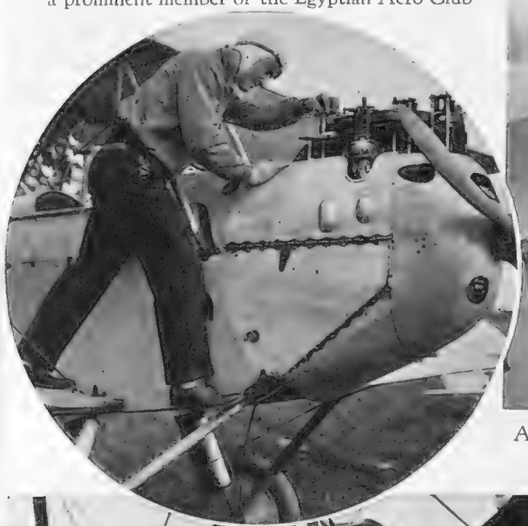


HANWORTH'S LEADING INSTRUCTOR: Flight-Lieut. Max Findlay, with Kamal Elovi Bey, a prominent member of the Egyptian Aero Club

THE CLUB-HOUSE: A front view of the charming club-house whose amenities have attracted a distinguished membership from among the progressive and air-minded

AN ADVANCED PUPIL: Lord Cardigan, who is now flying solo

THE BALLROOM: Hanworth Air Park does not limit its appeal to the air, for the club-house is well appointed and caters for the luxurious tastes of its members, providing them with many amenities hitherto reserved to country clubs



A NOTED INDIAN PILOT: Mr. Manmohan Singh, the first of his race to fly solo to India, about to take Miss S. M. Khan for a short aerial spin. *In circle*—MR. JACK CODY, the famous rider in the "Wheel of Death," takes his flying as a peaceful relaxation

AFTER THE "FLIP" THE SIP: Tea on the lawns is one of the many attractions at Hanworth Air Park, one of the most modern resorts where the "Moths" fly as to a flame. The club-house was one of the charming Middlesex country mansions of the old style and the fields of Feltham are now an admirable aerodrome

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY HENRY SHEREK

A comedy is described in an authoritative English dictionary as a stage-play of light, amusing, and often satirical character.

Why this appellation should be given to *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, by Rudolf Beiser, which Sir Barry Jackson is presenting at the Queen's Theatre I cannot fathom. It is heavy, unamusing, and too dramatic to be satirical, in fact so tragic that it at times becomes almost horrifying.

I can quite understand why Sir Barry deviated from his usual custom of presenting only the works of Bernard Shaw at the Malvern Festival to produce this play. After reading it, it must have been impossible for him to resist including it in his itinerary from the West Country to town and finally putting it on a London stage.

The subject of the play is the romantic elopement of Elizabeth Barrett with Robert Browning, or, at least, the author appears to have meant this to be his main theme. However, by sheer force of acting, the balance of the play is altered to make the despotic Barrett *père* and his extraordinary character the *leit motif* of the tragedy. For tragedy it is, more horrible than all the *Grand Guignol* plays I have seen.

The period is 1845, but excepting for the clothes the action might have taken place in the Middle Ages. It is impossible to conceive that such things could have happened within the memory of the last generation.

The five acts are played in Elizabeth Barrett's bed-sitting room in the peaceful atmosphere of 50, Wimpole Street, where we find her lying on her couch of sickness. Her two sisters and and eight brothers troop in to bid her good-night. These latter are hardly seen again until the last act, and have little to do excepting to look cowed every time their father scowls at them, which means that they look cowed nearly all the time they are on the stage.

On their first appearance they forget themselves enough to become mildly gay, at which moment their father stalks into the room and vents his displeasure at their levity. They show their spirit by bowing their heads and dutifully creeping out. The rest of the act is taken up by Mr. Barrett, senior, arguing with his daughter as to whether or not she should drink a tankard of porter, which she loathes and which her doctor had excused her taking. Needless to say, she drinks the porter with evident disgust, to the gratification of her parent, who adores her, but has a quaint way of showing it.

The following day is an eventful one in Elizabeth's life. It appears that she had been corresponding with Robert Browning, as they had formed a private mutual admiration society, and, after many requests from him, eventually receives him.

A boring quarter of an hour elapses whilst they tell each other how clever they are, and he departs, promising to call again.

Before he appears we are regaled by seeing Elizabeth receive the visit of a pretty cousin who dances into the room wearing green gloves which would make Diana Wynward turn the same colour with envy.

This flamboyant creature is accompanied by her beautifully-bewhiskered *fiancé*, for whom the author has written some vaguely humorous lines. A few members of the audience tittered, and he departs from the room and the story. An unnecessary character.

The friendship between the two poets grows apace, and they declare their love for each other. The love passages do not carry conviction and are the only weak points of otherwise all-round brilliant acting.

This new interest in Elizabeth's life has a remarkably beneficial effect on her health, and her doctors declare that she is well enough to travel to Italy.

Her father, however, vetoes the project, and even the cajoling of her pretty cousin fails to change his attitude, although in the course of her flirting he, for a moment, loses his head and reveals for an instant the volcano seething under his mask of dignified austerity. This difficult situation was made particularly poignant as the pretty cousin was portrayed in a masterly fashion by Joan Barry.

Elizabeth is quite reconciled to giving up her journey when her father pours out his heart to her, explaining his extraordinary attitude towards his children in forbidding them to marry by his own life of torment caused by the floodgates of his overpowering passion which had been opened by an early marriage.

This passage is very delicately handled and is acted with so much force that any revulsion I felt was stifled by admiration for two supreme dramatic geniuses.

Elizabeth, realizing that her father's mind is unhinged decides to elope with her lover, and the play closes with the elder Barrett learning of the flight of his favourite child upon whom he has centred his whole existence. The dull pain of his horror when he finds out what has happened is more effective than all the raving which a lesser author or actor would have used in a like situation.

Cedric Hardwicke as the father, played what must have been the most difficult part of his extraordinarily successful career superbly, and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies has never given a better performance than she did as Elizabeth.

Excepting for Scott Sunderland, who lacked conviction as Robert Browning, the rest of the cast could not be bettered, and a special word of praise is due to Marjory Mars who displayed finely-controlled emotion.

In spite of their almost complete absence from the music-halls, dog-actors are having a great vogue on the legitimate stage. They play important parts in both *Street Scene* and *Sexton Blake*, but the finest actor of the lot is in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. He barked his lines with great histrionic ability, and like a great actor was careful to be silent when the plot demanded it. He is attractively named Tuppenny of Ware, and was a huge success.

The play was produced by H. K. Ayliff, and everything went without a hitch on the first night. It was pleasant to see a real oil-lamp and candles instead of the usual obvious electrical substitutes.

Sir Barry Jackson has done a fine thing for the theatre and, incidentally for himself, in presenting this play, as it should fill the Queen's Theatre for months.

By presenting Noel Coward's latest play, *Private Lives*, at the exotically-coloured Phœnix Theatre, C. B. Cochran has also done a fine thing for himself, as I cannot see how this delicious comedy can fail to draw all London and his wife.

On the tiniest peg imaginable Mr. Coward has hung a brilliantly written picture of domestic life *à la mode*. What does it matter if the story is thin as long as one can spend the best part of two and a half hours chuckling almost continuously and occasionally laughing uproariously?

Two very bright young people meet, see, and marry; but after three years, because of a little bickering developing into fisticuffs, divorce each other. Five years later they both marry somebody else, each being extraordinarily obtuse in their choice of victim.

They meet again on their respective honeymoons in the Riviera. The band plays a theme song which, owing to their talking-picture education they cannot resist, and they rush off to Paris together.

A week of bliss is followed by the usual fight, and just when they are rolling on the floor together clawing at each others hair, their respective spouses burst into the room. Tableau!

The following morning there is much talk in the middle of which they decamp again.

As the young couple, Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward excel. They give the impression of intimacy so realistically that at times I felt I was eavesdropping. Besides speaking their very humorous lines with great naturalness, their love-making was most sincerely acted and carried conviction. No light task after indulging in a mass of satirical repartee.

As the other two young people, Adrianne Allen and Lawrence Olivier portrayed perfectly the bores they were supposed to be.

An especial word of praise is due to the former, for, despite the grave temptation to play for sympathy as the *ingénue* and the innocent of the cast, Miss Allen was content to make of her somewhat suburban virtue the cynical jest Mr. Coward intended.

The production itself was notable for the extremely effective—and never offensive—rough-house between husband and wife; while the timing of the business at the breakfast table was sheer delight.

The complete naturalness with which the by-play was handled was deft in the extreme; but on occasion voices were so much dropped at the end of the sentence that anyone behind the first eight rows of the stalls was likely to miss the point. *Comédie intime* would be more at home in a smaller house where the artists would not be forced to choose between giving undue emphasis to a casual remark or letting it go for nothing to the majority of the audience.

A host of young women, many lights and gay draperies have descended on the South-West-End of London. I refer to the revue called *Victoria Vanities* which is showing at the Victoria Palace.

It is presented by Jack Taylor, one of the most successful of provincial revue producers, and he appears to have taken great pains in duplicating nearly every revue scene I have seen recently on the Continent. He seems to be so intent on giving the eyes of his audience a treat, that he has forgotten their funny-bones.

As scene after scene of great magnificence was flamboyantly hurled upon the stage, the whole thing became overpowering. Between these dazzling orgies of light and colour were a number of comedy sketches, but although I tried hard to laugh, I found it extremely difficult to do so.

A special troupe of girls was brought all the way from America, and they were extremely good in one of their efforts. The principal comedian, Jimmy James, was only funny when he did his music-hall sketch.

The audiences of the Victoria Palace might like to see a show which obviously cost a lot of money to produce, but it is essential for a successful revue to have plenty of comedy, and Mr. Taylor will have to do something about it if he wants his ambitious spectacle to have a long run.

VICTORIAN LOVERS: Mr. Scott Sunderland as Robert Browning and Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies as Elizabeth Barrett

Pictures by POLLARD CROWTHER

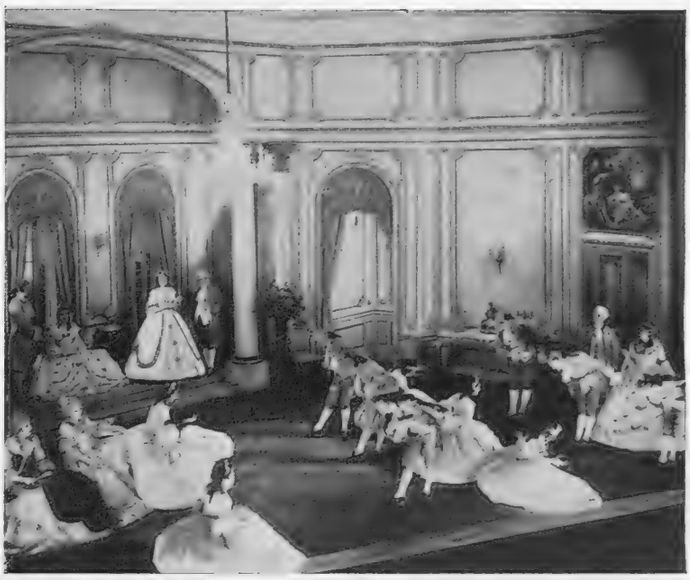
REPRESSION AND SUPPRESSION: Mr. Cedric Hardwicke as Barrett père, who gives a masterly and magnificent performance; and his daughters, Miss Gwen Ffrangcon Davies and Miss Marjorie Mars in a family scene in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," now at the Queen's after Malvern

FREDERICA

at the Palace, and Advance Pictures of the New Whitehall Theatre

Special "Sphere" Picture

GOETHE AND HIS YOUTHFUL LOVE: Mr. Joseph Hislop and Fraulein Lea Seidl in "Frederica," the charming Franz Lehar operetta at the Palace. Below—LONDON'S LATEST THEATRE: It boasts a boudoir where ladies may change



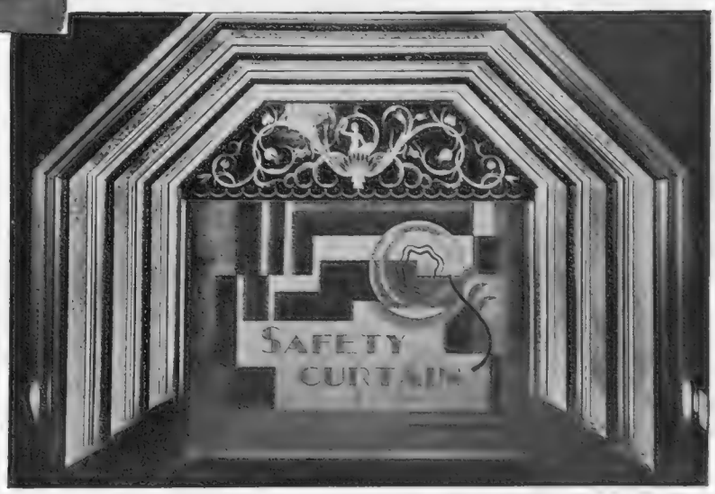
Special "Sphere" Picture

THE COURTLY DANCE OF YESTER-YEAR: The scene in the "Schloss" in Strasburg owned by Frederica's aunt. Fraulein Seidl excels in both vocalism and histrionics

Sasha

HEROINE AND FRIEND: Fraulein Seidl as Frederica and Mr. Roddy Hughes as Lenz. Much is owed to the musical direction of Mr. J. Heuvel and the production of Mr. Felix Edwardes

A DREAM IN BLACK AND SILVER: Some of the 700 seats at the Whitehall Theatre, the ceiling to the auditorium of which is designed to represent a silver cloud, and has the effect of being suspended in mid-air. The front of the circle is silver with floral designs in pastel shades. All seats have a perfect line of sight



THE PROSCENIUM: Great columns of modern design sweep into the recessed stage and are flooded with silver light from a concealed source. The vestibule is executed in satinwood, the main staircase in ebony. The upper circle bar is cast in the form of a saloon on a liner—a delicate compliment to the Old Ship Inn which for over 200 years stood on the theatre's site

A MIXED BAG

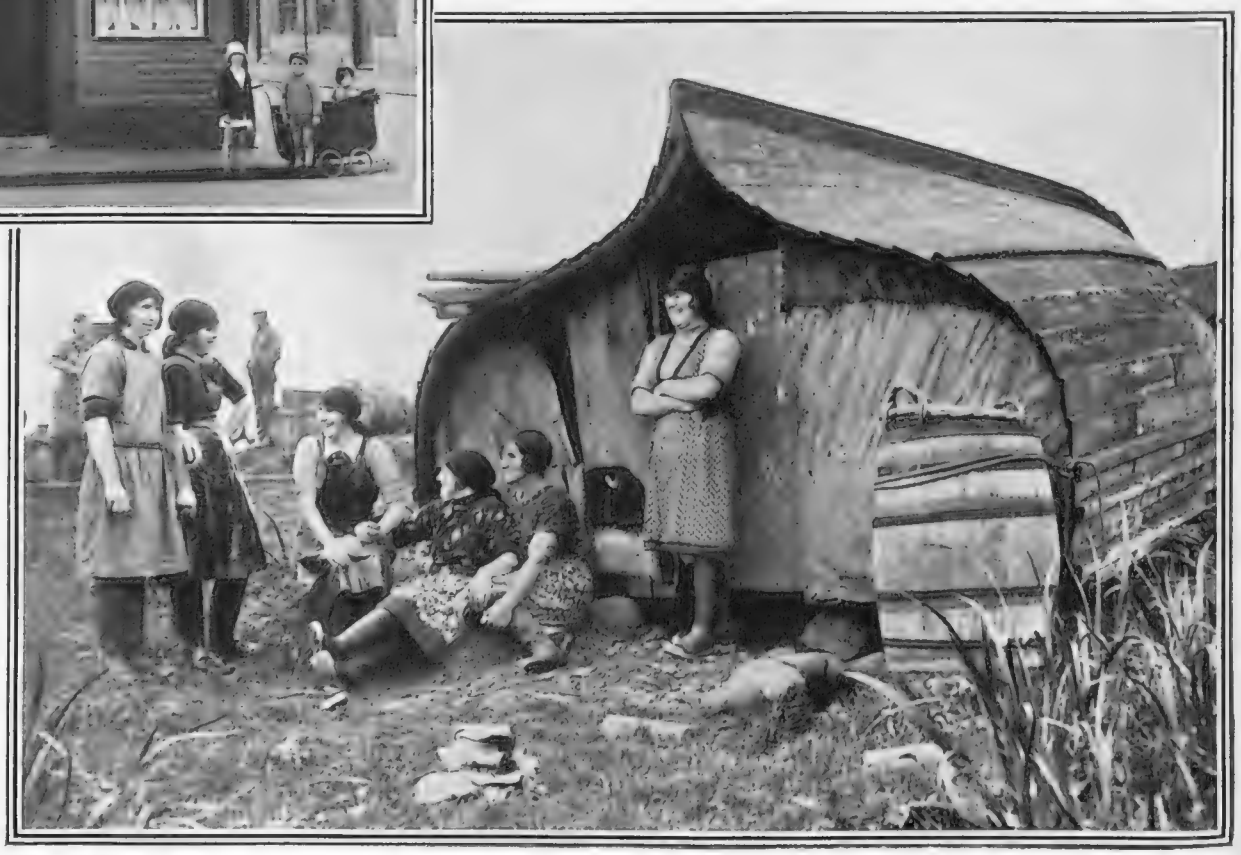
from the Shires

AN S.O.S. TO THE HOP-PICKERS OF KENT: The hop factors sent a few days ago an urgent circular-letter to the pickers requesting them, in view of the glut of hops on the market, to curtail their activities and pick only the finest hops, allowing the others to blow away. These pictures show the work in progress in the Kentish hop-fields

DECORATED WITH WOODEN WALL-PAPER PRINTING BLOCKS: An old cart-shed in Oxfordshire decorated with old wooden blocks for printing wall-papers—a system of creating the patterns given up in favour of steel rollers a century ago. The owner has only recently affixed this novel decoration to his cart shed

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL: The 150th Anniversary of the first Sunday School was celebrated at Gloucester at the end of last month. The pioneer was one Robert Raikes and his scene of activities was the timbered cottage reproduced above

Although herring-fishing is in full swing round the coasts of Britain now, to the general public the industry conjures up pictures of Scottish lassies at Grimsby and other English ports. It is therefore interesting to visit such a remote and picturesque station as that as Uig, at the northern section of the Isle of Skye, in the Inner Hebrides. The lassies here are Gaelic-speaking Hebrideans and the fish they cure goes mostly to America and Hamburg



THE FISHER-GIRLS' SHELTER: The Scottish fisher-girls have not all migrated south for the herring harvest, as may be seen from this picture taken at Uig in the Isle of Skye

MODERN SCULPTURE

The Latest Work in Stone from the Continent

"MI PATRIA CHICA": The latest work of Senor Monedero, who has been pensioned by the Provincial Deputation of Madrid, and in gratitude symbolized the capital in his latest work

"THE SHEPHERD": A sandstone group on the Hall of the Norddeutscher Woolcarders of Bremen

"The bear and the silken tassels," a symbol of the City of Madrid, is the latest sculpture of Señor Monedero, having for his subject "Mi Patria Chica." In it the Madrid woman is reflected, cloaked in the silken tasselled mantilla and the representative bear resting above an allegory of the Gate of Dos de Mayo, where the troops of the Independence conducted an heroic defence against the French invaders

"VICTORY": A gigantic Nike by Eugenio Baroni destined for the monument to Italy's infantry. It is in the Venice Art Exhibition. The strength of the conception, the vigour of its lines, and the movement of the figure despite its weight, combined with the fact that neither foot is on the pedestal, make the work quite remarkable

"DAPHNE": A delicate figure immortalizing the laurel legend of Greece, by Antonio Maraini in the garden of Signor Donegani on the lovely shores of Como

A MODERN MYTH: Garden statues usually have a classical inspiration but this figure by Lelio Gelli at the Monza Decorative International Exhibition symbolises the art of painting

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

MODERNISM *in the* NURSERY

Unity of Design Marks the Truly Up-to-date Children's Room

By KATHRINE MORRISON

What is implied by "modernism" in the nursery? Does it mean that rooms devoted to children are given a cheery colour scheme and are liberally supplied with light enamelled furniture, nursery rhyme friezes, gaily patterned rugs, and an abundance of the latest toys? In this sense thousands of present-day nurseries are "modern"—as distinguished from the drab and uninviting places where our grandparents passed their early years.

Not many nurseries, however, can be described as "modernist" in the full acceptation of that term. Few, indeed, have been consistently decorated down to the last detail according to those ideas of simplification and suitability to purpose which are now inspiring the equipment of the adult part of so many homes.

Particular interest attaches, therefore, to the three rooms illustrated on this page. Though different in type, all three have this in common: each was planned as a unified whole with the requirements of the modern child as the sole aim and object. Also each room was specially designed, both as regards furniture and walls, by a single person.

In the case of the two rooms in the Villa Centurini at Rome: the furniture and the frescoes are by Guilio Rosso. The mural paintings in the dining-room have been conceived in a spirit of pure phantasy. All sorts of thrilling things are happening to those care free boys and girls whose life seems to be one long holiday. One boy is marooned on the tiniest of islands. This experience is evidently a happy one, for he takes it with flags literally flying. On a larger island—perhaps it is a whole continent this time—an artist paints undisturbed by the frolics of his companions. Merriest of all is the party in a boat with one cheery youth strumming a mandolin while perched on the prow.

A more educational note is struck by the frescoes in the playroom. There, during intervals between games, the children may become familiar with oceans and continents by glancing at one of the walls.

The children's dining-room in the Villa Centurini is enlivened by the gayest kind of modernist frescoes

The door with the small inset glazed panel conceals what is very useful in any nursery — a fitted lavatory basin. Notice the polar bear stalking across the linen curtain on the extreme right

In this playroom at the Villa Centurini in Rome the furniture was specially designed. Note the immense globe-like lamp shade which echoes the circles of the world maps on the wall

The alphabet frieze on the cupboard curtains in this nursery begins on one side of the fireplace, runs around the whole room and finishes on the other side, just under the giraffe

This idea of a child learning useful things from its surroundings has also been very attractively carried out in the decoration of a nursery in the Chelsea home of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Reckitts. The whole equipment was planned by their architect, Mr. Gordon H. G. Holt, A.R.I.B.A.

Four shallow cupboards are set against the walls. Instead of doors are specially designed crash linen hand-painted curtains depicting in the liveliest of colours all sorts of interesting personages and events. There are amazing elongated old men who have a strong affinity to figures on some Assyrian fresco. Then there are toy soldiers on horses and a medieval knight on incredibly high stilts preceded by an armour-bearer. The most instructive thing about these curtains is the frieze composed of all the letters of the alphabet.

Under the large bay window are two long window-seats with cushions also decorated in hand-painted crash linen. Both are given titles. One, called "The Fancy Dress Ball," leaves no doubt as to why ladies in Elizabethan Court dress are found in the company of pierrots. The other, called "All the Stars," shows those circus-folk who cast such a spell of romance over most children—clowns, acrobats, and ladies in tights on horseback.

What many children would like even better are the four large window-curtains where birds, beasts, fish, and fowl form the strangest kind of pictorial menagerie. Each is neatly named so that the little boy who lives in these unusual surroundings can never mistake the giraffe for the dromedary when he goes to the Zoo.

The colour-scheme of this sunlit nursery is very pleasing. The walls are covered with wide panels in natural oak. Their horizontal lines are broken by step-like movements that carry the eye upward. The long table and arm-chairs are also in natural oak. The ceiling is light beige and the cornice is painted in three graduated tones of beige pink. The floor is covered with a practical brown linoleum.

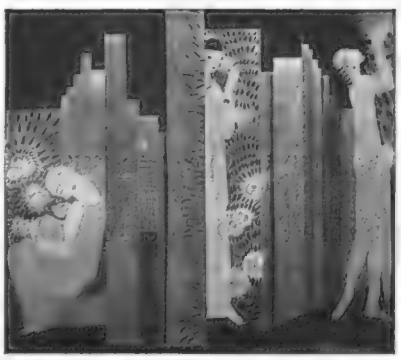
LACQUER

An Ancient Craft Modernized to Provide a Décor for Original Interiors

By BASEDEN BUTT

To-day there are definite signs that lacquer is once again coming into its own. Lacquer is capable of being utilized in entirely new and original ways, and for decorations definitely in the modern spirit. This is shown by the screens illustrated with this article, which are the work of a great modern genius in this ancient craft.

Gold, silver, black, red, and green—the colours to which the traditions of lacquer-work restrict the artist—are few and simple. Modern processes and the use of cellulose have made a wider range of tones accessible, but for the most part lacquer-work still follows a colour convention which contributes largely to its effectiveness as decoration.



A four-fold screen in black, rose, and silver lacquer, designed by Jean Dunand

The work of Paul Dunand especially—leader and originator of the modern renaissance in lacquer—shows a new realism combined with the most perfect sense of formal decoration. Notice how convincingly alive are Dunand's knowing little jackdaws in their leafless tree, and yet how perfect are the designs when considered simply as formal decorations.

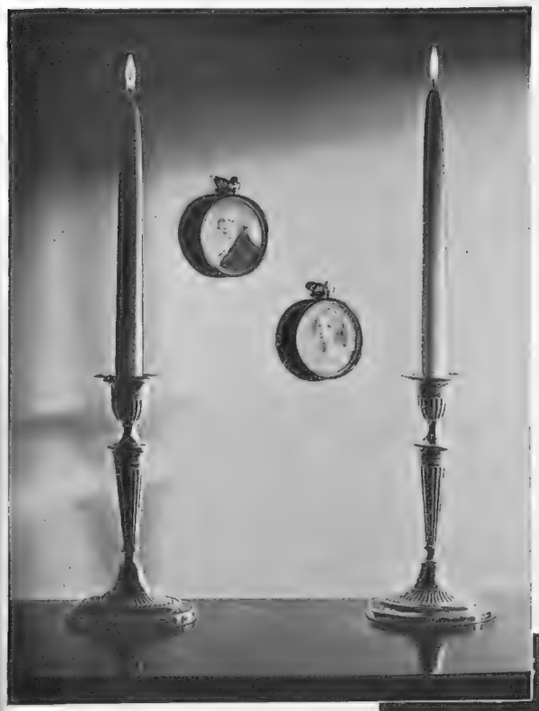
Considered as conventionalized design, what could be more striking than the fourfold screen in black, rose, and silver called "The Four Figures!" Foliage, argent flowers, a pattern resembling mosaic, and an escallop pattern reminiscent of the Chinese *motif* used to symbolize the "sea at rest" are included in this example of modern decoration.

This screen is by Paul Dunand, leader of the modern renaissance in lacquer

But this lacquer-work is not by any means confined to screens. It is used for the decoration of a multitude of objects, from small boxes to overmantel-panels and even entire walls. Used in this way modern lacquer is a substitute for the ordinary framed picture, and is essentially in keeping with modern decoration.

The WORLD of WOMEN—(cont.)

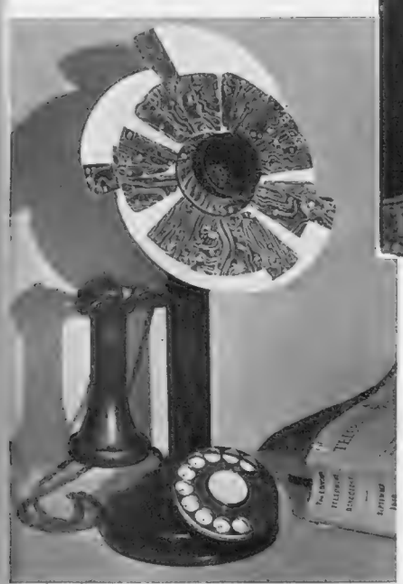
Decorative ACCESSORIES *for the* HOME



Nell Gwynn candles, which are made in a wide selection of colourings, are a happy thought for the winter comfort of your room. They can be obtained from all large stores from 1s. a pair

The vases and candlestick in the picture are hand-made Flemish pottery of exquisite colourings. This pottery is sold at prices varying from 1s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., and comes from Hamptons', Pall Mall

When flowers are scarce these gay trees made of wax are a delightful substitute. They come from Hamptons' and are sold from 27s. 6d.



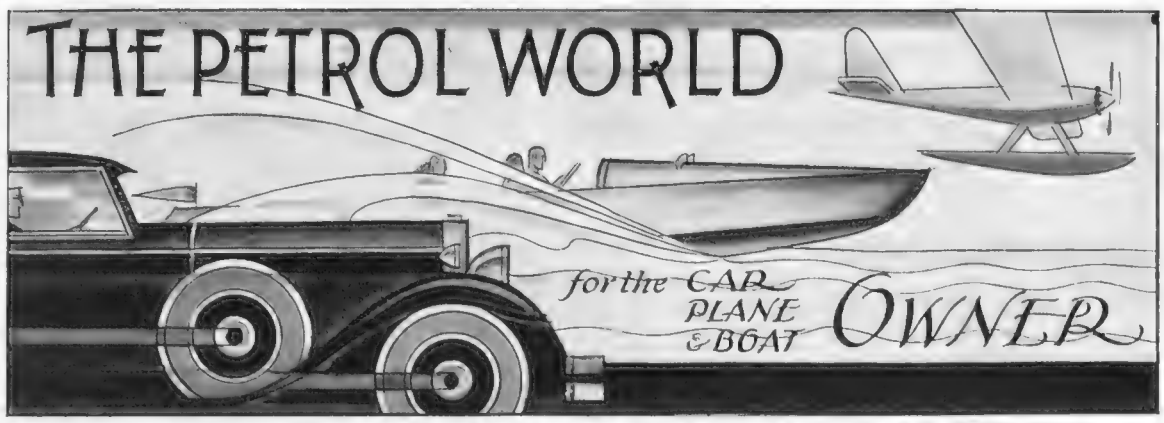
This circular directory, which fits on to the mouthpiece of the telephone, is a practical idea costing 9s., from Harrods. Other attractive designs can also be obtained

A small three-fold screen of painted lacquer covers an unsightly telephone and adds a charming decorative note to the room. The one shown here costs 29s. 6d. at Harrods

A charming group from Lawley's of Regent Street. The lamp which is made of glass, costs 70s., the vase of mottled glassware costs 27s. 6d., and the book-rests 42s.

Inset in centre—The newest bridge table satisfies the players' every whim. It comes from Harrods and costs 69s. 6d.

When winter comes additional cushions and lamps give a pleasing sense of comfort. The lamp and vellum shade costs 16s. 9d., the triangular cushion 26s. 9d., the oblong one 29s. 6d., and the firebox is 52s. 6d. All come from Hamptons' of Pall Mall



The Petrol World on LAND, conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

SWIFT.—More new programmes are to hand this week. First of all, Swift of Coventry, Ltd., the firm that has made the famous Swift cars for many many years, has introduced an entirely new model to be known as the Swift Cadet. This new car is of sturdy design though actually smaller than the well-known 10-h.p. model which has formed the backbone of the Swift programme for the last few years. For thirty years Swifts have always built really light cars, and they have gained a reputation for reliability and longevity. The new 8-h.p. model therefore starts off on its career with an unrivalled amount of experience behind it. The engine has four cylinders cast together, but with a detachable cylinder-head; the capacity is 847 cubic centimetres, and the Treasury rating is such that the annual tax is £8.

There is nothing very startling regarding the engine specification, though it is interesting to note that the ignition is by coil and battery. The drive is taken from the engine through a single-plate clutch to the gear-box which forms a unit with the engine, and gives three forward speeds as well as the usual reverse gear. The gear-box is controlled by a lever placed centrally in the chassis. The final transmission to the rear axle is by an open propeller-shaft with flexible disc joints. Semi-elliptic springs are fitted both at the front and the rear and four-wheel brakes are included in the specification. The petrol tank is fitted at the rear of the car, and the fuel is fed to the carburetter by an Autovac tank. Equipment includes electric lighting and starting, automatic screen-wiper, electric horn, clock, speedometer, chromium-plated bumpers, and safety-glass windscreen. The price of this new Cadet as an open four-seater is £160.

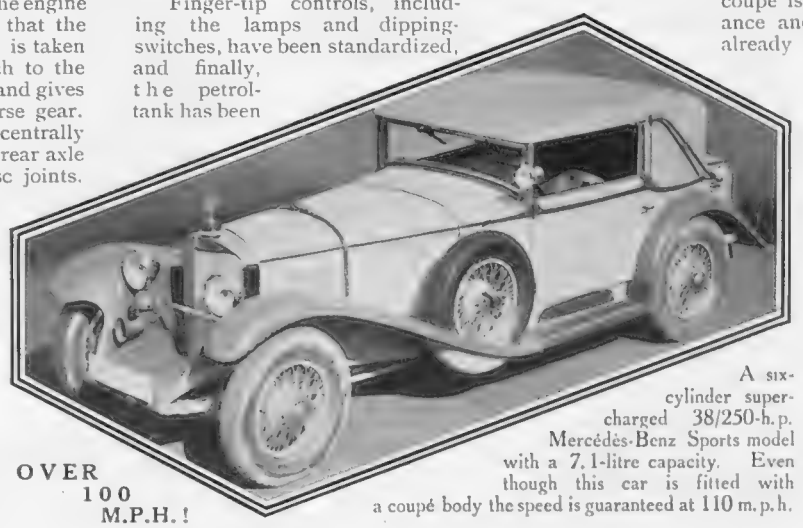
The Swift 10-h.p. model is retained, and no radical alterations have been effected. At the same time certain minor improvements have been adopted such as a new radiator with a divided front, a petrol tank at the rear of the chassis, and better cooling of the engine which results in more power. Luvax shock-absorbers now form part of the standard equipment, and the electric horn button is now fitted to the centre of the steering-wheel with the wires concealed inside the column. Swift owners will no doubt be pleased to hear that the 1930 prices of the 10-h.p. model are being retained.

WILLYS.—The Willys programme for the new season has as its main feature the introduction of a car to be known as the Willys Palatine Six. This car supersedes the Willys Light Six and sells as a four-door five-seater coachbuilt saloon at £259. The chassis is similar to that of the well-tried Light Six, and the engine has the same moderate Treasury rating, which gives an annual tax of £16. The body is of an entirely new design, having six windows, and the panels now extend to the running boards, thus doing away with valances and making the car smarter in appearance. The roof has also been made to a new design and is carried well forward and curved down over the windscreen. To add to the smart appearance wire wheels have been adopted.

The well-known Willys Whippet Four has been retained in the programme and can now be bought as a four-door five-seater coachbuilt saloon for £188. Certain improvements have been made to the chassis, amongst them being new internal expanding brakes on all four wheels. The Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve Six has also been reduced in price without sacrificing any of its good qualities.

RILEY.—Now I come to the 1931 Rileys. The makers of these famous cars have first of all decided that the prices of the Riley Nine are to remain unchanged, but that certain reductions are to be made in the six-cylinder cars All Riley bodies are now built on the Weymann principle and the seating accommodation has been increased. The dash-board and the instrument panel have been redesigned and a new and more imposing radiator has been adopted. Stainless steel is now used for all external bright parts and the adoption of this metal not only makes cleaning much easier but improves the smartness of the car. Chassis lubrication is a much simpler job than it was in the past because the grease-gun nipples have now been grouped together in batches at convenient points.

Finger-tip controls, including the lamps and dipping-switches, have been standardized, and finally, the petrol-tank has been placed at the rear of the chassis, where it works in conjunction with an Autovac tank on the dash. The usual models are available in the 9-h.p. as well as in the six-cylinder range. In the latter is included a new Alpine Six which has the same engine as the other six-cylinder models, but the frame is smaller, having only a wheel-base of 9 ft. 4 in.

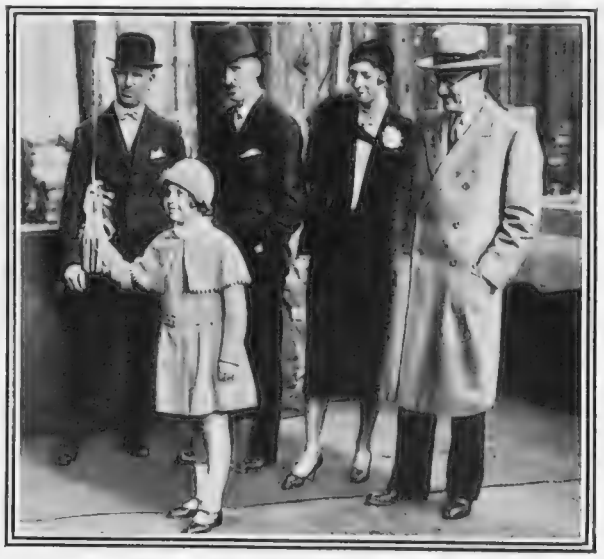


A six-cylinder supercharged 38/250-h.p. Mercédès-Benz Sports model with a 7.1-litre capacity. Even though this car is fitted with a coupé body the speed is guaranteed at 110 m.p.h.

ROOTES.—Among British firms exhibiting at the Paris Salon which opens on October 2 are Rootes, Ltd., who as world exporters of Humber and Hillman cars are showing a representative selection of this year's models. Participation in continental motor shows has for some years past been a feature of this concern's campaign to popularize British cars in European countries. In addition to exhibiting at all the leading European motor shows, Rootes, Ltd., have built up an extensive sales and service organization throughout the Continent.

HUMBER.—The cars to be exhibited at this year's Salon are a Humber–Pullman limousine, two Humber Snipes, the saloon and the drop-head coupé, and the newly-introduced Hillman Vortic eight-cylinder saloon. All of them have central gear-change and all are available with left-hand steering as optional standard equipment—two features which will immediately appeal to the continental buyer. These two makes are, in fact, the only British cars on which alternative right- or left-hand steering have been standardized.

Impervious to Water: The exacting test carried out on a New Ford De Luxe Fordor saloon. Despite the fact that several gallons of water were poured on the sliding Sunshine roof not one drop penetrated into the interior



A Youthful Godmother: Miss Joan Fraser, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. William Fraser, C.B.E. (Deputy-Chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., Ltd.), who christened the new 6,500-tons oil tanker "British Venture"

The improvements which have been incorporated in the 1931 range of Humber cars will greatly add to their popularity on the Continent.

Chief among these, of course, is an increase in engine power and engine silence, the fitting of thermo-statically-operated radiator shutters to all models, the standardization of safety-glass, and an increase in the width and head-room of all saloon models. An outstanding feature of the seven-seater Pullman-limousine is its patented drop partition which when lowered slides down at an angle corresponding with the rake of the front-squab and thus allows the passengers in the occasional seats considerably more leg-room. The car is finished in black with grey upholstery. The Snipe saloon is in green and is upholstered in brown hide, while the drop-head coupé is in scarlet and black. The excellent performance and remarkable acceleration of the Snipe have already attracted much favourable notice on the Continent. This year's version is definitely better than when the car was first introduced.

HILLMAN.—The Hillman Vortic will in effect make its bow to the public in Paris. With its powerful engine, its new four-speed gear-box with silent third, its excellent performance in both top and third gear, and its attractive body-lines and smart beige colouring, this new British car should appeal strongly to French motorists, who before all else demand liveliness and *chic*. In addition to the models on view in the Salon itself, a Snipe saloon (with left-hand drive) and a Vortic saloon will be available outside. There will, too, be a large staff of expert linguists to deal with inquiries

BRAKES.—It is not as yet generally recognized that the new Road Traffic Act includes clauses as to the "number and nature" of brakes attached to motor vehicles. So far as the layman can discern, one paragraph out of 114 pages is devoted to this most important matter. Translated into ordinary English, this paragraph indicates that brakes must be efficient and kept in proper working order, and that they shall be subject to test and inspection by "authorised persons."

Whilst, possibly, it is unlikely that any immediate action will be taken under this clause, the necessity for effective brakes is obvious. It is not only the efficiency of brakes which counts. Four-wheel brakes have long been recognized as essential, but it is easy for brakes on four wheels to be out of adjustment than it was when only two wheels were involved. It is probable to-day that 95 per cent of motor vehicles are being driven with brakes which are incorrectly adjusted. This is not so noticeable on dry roads, but it is when road surfaces are treacherous that maladjustment of brakes becomes dangerous to motorists and public alike.

One does not need to drive at any pace or in an unsafe way dangerously to know that a skid can happen to the most cautious motorist, nor to appreciate that even the most skilful hands are sometimes incapable of averting disaster. With the best of brakes, perfectly adjusted, however, the chances of a serious skid are minimized.

For accurate brake-adjustment a strictly mechanical device is essential. Such an instrument is found in the Bendix–Cowdrey brake-tester, which has already been installed at the works of several leading car manufacturers in Great Britain. In its simplified form this consists of two or more pairs of grooved rollers driven by electric motors, one pair being placed under each wheel to be tested, the rollers, when rotated, drive the vehicle wheels as if actually take the place of the road. A direct reading of "the pull of the road" at each wheel can be obtained and the necessary brake adjustment can be scientifically made.

"Thrillers" by Abdulla

THE SCARLET THUGS

Detective Crisp of Scotland Yard, a valiant Shrimp just four-foot-ten,
Was kidnapped by the Scarlet Thugs, ill-mannered and ferocious men;
Through dim lit alleys by the Docks they dragged him Somewhere Underground,
But when their torture scene began Joanna checked it at a bound!
Joanna, Pride of the Police, had followed Crisp's ingenious trail
Of slim Abdullas deftly dropped—and swept her truncheon like a flail;
The Thugs, hurled through their own trap-door, splashed, gurgled, sank and passed away—
While Crisp and his Joanna found delightful things to smoke—and say.

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES
VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

THE LATEST IN FLYING: So skilled are members of aerial clubs becoming nowadays that night-flying presents no insuperable obstacle, as is shown by this picture from Heston

How FLYING *is* DEVELOPING

The Latest Developments in the Air

By C. G. GREY

(Editor of *The Aeroplane*)

One of the great historic events of aviation has happened almost unnoticed within the last fortnight. On Monday, August 25, a Blackburn *Iris* flying-boat (three Rolls-Royce Condor engines) belonging to the Royal Air Force flew from Plymouth to Lisbon in about ten hours, a matter of 850 miles. After a couple of days spent in being friendly with our ancient Allies, the Portuguese, the boat went on to Gibraltar. Thence she returned to Lisbon. On September 4 she left Lisbon some time after eight o'clock in the morning and arrived over Plymouth before six in the evening. Altogether she took somewhere close on eight-and-a-half hours over the whole journey.

Ordinarily letters between Lisbon and London take about two-and-a-half days. Actually a letter carried in the *Iris* written in Lisbon at about 6.30 on the morning of September 4 was posted in Plymouth that night and was delivered in London next morning in the ordinary way. Here seems to be an opportunity for Big Business to increase trade and decrease unemployment.

As a general rule there is so much happening in aviation that writing about things of the future is mere waste of time. The reader of non-technical newspapers can hardly be expected to keep abreast of what has already been done. But at this particular moment something may justifiably be said about the proposed flights to Australia.

When Miss Amy Johnson failed to beat Squadron-Leader Hinkler's flight of fifteen-and-a-half days from London to Port Darwin, a number of people made up their minds that they would have a go at the record.

At the present moment there are seven or eight schemes on foot for flights to Australia. And as everybody wants to get away first, quite a lot of brain-power and time and money is being wasted by each pilot in trying to steal a march on the others. A suggestion was made last week that by far the best way would be to induce somebody to put up a really good prize which would induce all the competitors to start level and make a real race which would attract the attention of the whole world. That would be far better than having half-a-dozen aeroplanes all trickling along the same route independently of one another.

Something in the way of making a race of it may have been done by the time these lines appear in print, and if it has not, there will be a lamentable diffusion of energy just when far more good might be done for the progress of aviation by co-operation plus competition.

The people who have definitely made up their minds to go are as follows:—

(1) Mr. Charles Barnard (Puss Moth), who needs no introduction (who will not start for a week or two).

(2) Mr. F. R. Matthews (Puss Moth), who ran into a monsoon and crashed beyond Rangoon.

(3) Major C. M. Pickthorn (Gipsy Moth), a director of the Brooklands Flying School and a distinguished War pilot, plus Mr. George Murray, a pupil at the Brooklands School who has since developed into one of our cleverest aerobatic pilots.

(4) Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith (Sports Avian), who with various companions and wireless-directors has flown in long stages completely round the world. This time instead of using a big three-engined machine he proposes to use a single-seater.

(5) Squadron-Leader Bert Hinkler, the present holder of the record, and Mr. R. H. McIntosh, a very good War pilot, one of our very earliest civil pilots and one of the steadiest and most able aviators in this country. They seem to have still more ambitious ideas, for Mr. Hinkler is at present in America seeking for one of those very fast long-range machines, such as American record-breakers use in flying from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the daylight hours of one day. With such a machine he and Mr. McIntosh might very well travel something over 2,000 miles a day, and actually do the trip in six days.

Other possible starters are:—

(6) Mr. Neville Stack.

(7) Mr. Hill, R.A.F., and

(8) The Australian, Mr. Edgar Percival, who is flying a machine of his own design.

Mr. C. J. Chabot, regarded as a possible starter, has withdrawn, at least temporarily, for business reasons.

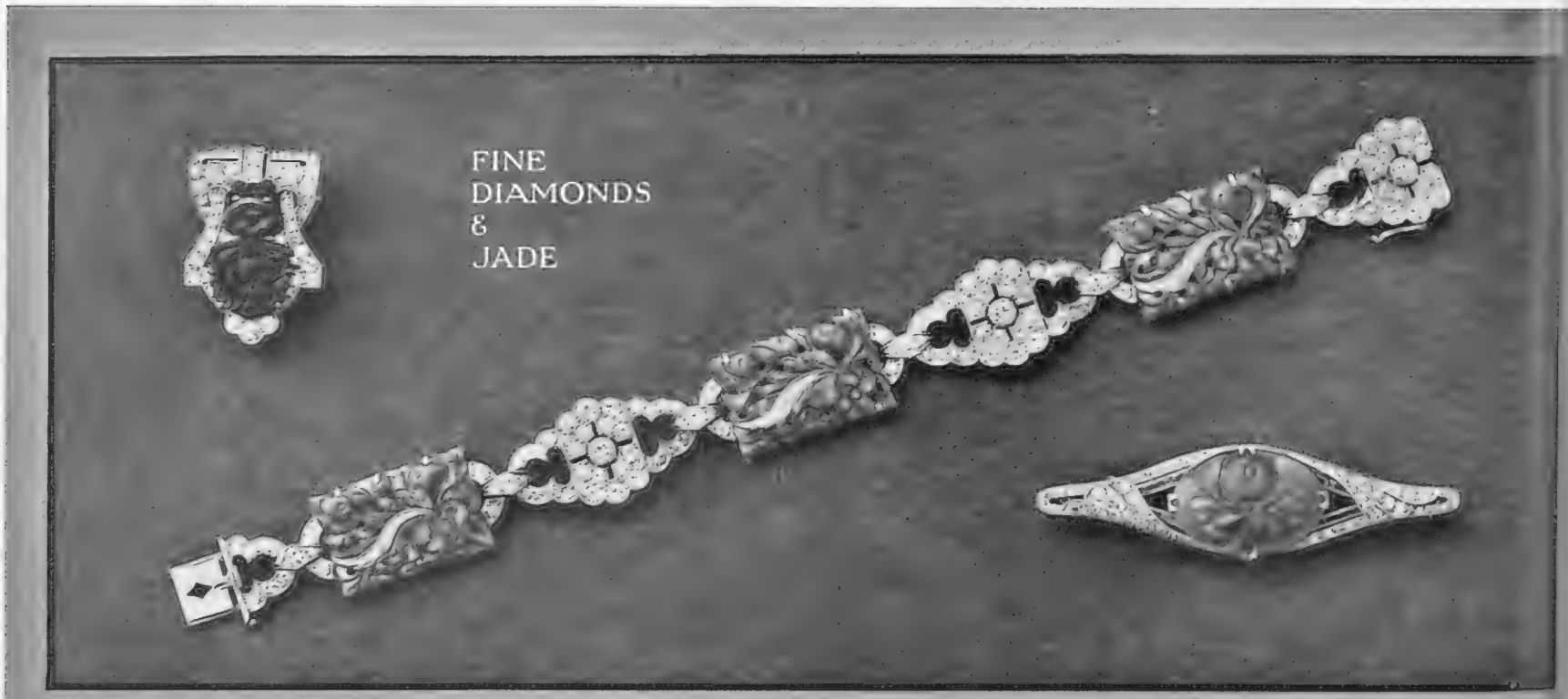
The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, once named as a potential starter, has, for the moment, abandoned this flight in favour of one to Japan.

If no prize is forthcoming, all or any of these ambitious people may sneak away quietly at any moment, but at any rate the readers of THE SPHERE will know enough about each to be able to take something like a personal interest in his or her progress.

Anybody who started before the end of September (as Mr. Matthews did) would probably bump into very bad monsoon weather somewhere between Calcutta and Singapore. And quite possibly some cautious person who waits till well on in October, and has the luck to strike a good patch of weather in Europe, will get to Australia before those who started earlier.

Special "Sphere" picture

WATCHING A NIGHT-LANDING: A group of members at Heston seated round a brazier enjoying a fellow-member's nocturnal evolution



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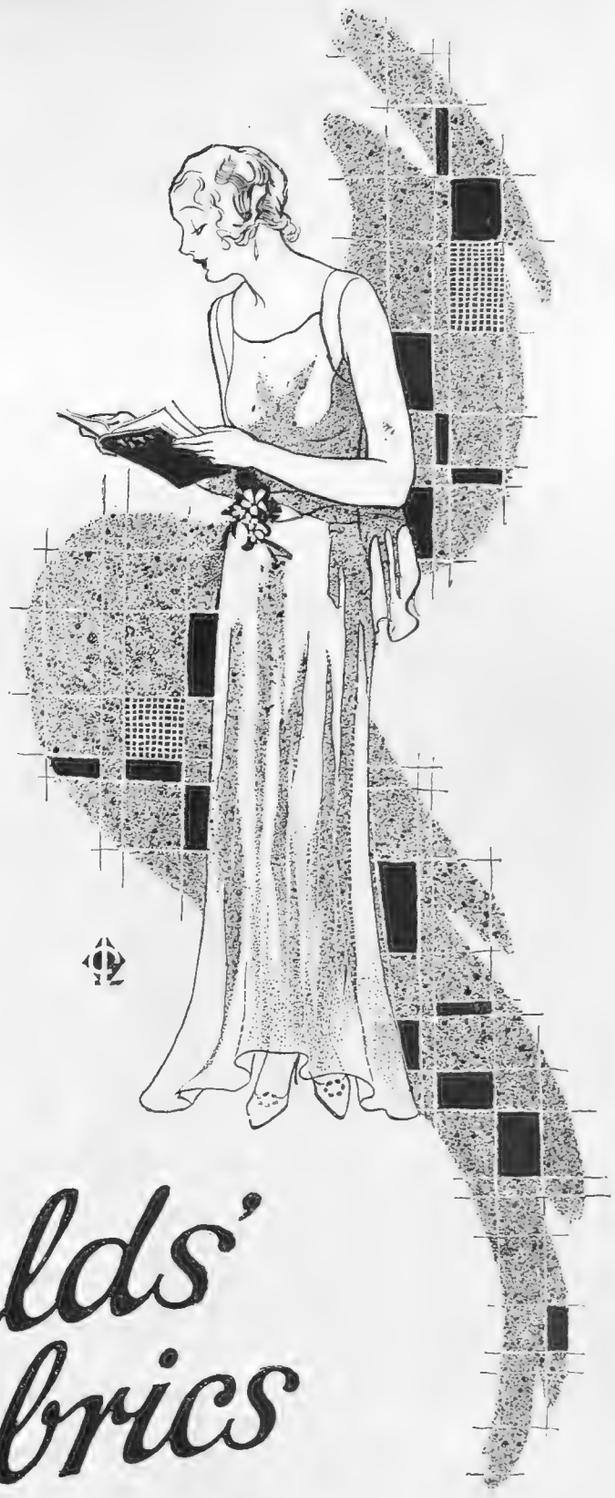

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

WINTER CRUISES *in* SUMMER SEAS

The Charm of a Holiday in West Indian Waters

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Winter holiday cruises is a comparatively modern development of sea travel. But it has already reached a luxury that every year tempts more and more travellers to avail themselves of the many opportunities of such cruises that are now offered. Quite a number of the principal shipping companies, including the Blue Star, the Royal Mail Steam Packet, Cunard, and Harrison lines, run steamers to the Canaries and West Indies, and have developed this branch of their business to the highest possible standard of perfection and efficiency.

One can either go by one of the most luxurious cruising liners, or, if of more modest means, travel by a less luxurious steamer, which, for many who need chiefly a rest-cure and sunshine, has its advantages, and by so doing visit some at least of the interesting places at which the larger vessels do not always touch.

THE DEAUVILLE OF AMERICA: A general impression of luxurious Palm Beach

TROPICAL SCENERY abounas in Trinidad

Generally the cruise lasts from forty-six to fifty days, or say about six-and-a-half to seven weeks. The distance covered approximates 13,000 miles of delight, luxurious comfort, and romantic interest. One might almost imagine, indeed, that one is being transported on the legendary "Magic Carpet" to the region of the West Indies and Spanish Main, which have always intrigued people by reason of their romantic history and tropical beauty.

The cruises vary a little according to the line of steamers taken, but a very good route is that which takes one first to that jewel of the Canary Islands, Las Palmas, which is a delightful town, many of the houses of which are made the more picturesque by towers or look-outs, and which are often coloured salmon-pink, bluish-grey, maize, or white. Here one sees for the first time groves of palms, patches of bright-hued bananas in the gardens, and is one's first experience of how brilliant sunshine and how beautiful flowers can often be in midwinter.

Good hotels and a social life that is very bright and interesting lure one to make a stay, but after a brief pause the steamer sets out on its voyage across the blue sea to Porto Rico, the first of the West Indies touched at by most of the cruising steamers. Then on to Barbados, an island of far greater importance than its area of less than 170 square miles might lead one to imagine. It has a very shallow but remarkably fertile soil, and supports one of the densest populations in the world. It has excellent roads, and an excursion into the interior has much of interest. Barbados has also the most perfect climate, and is an island of wonderful beauty and interest.

Southward lie Tobago and Trinidad. The latter, discovered four-and-a-half centuries ago, is the next port of call, and is, after Jamaica, the largest island of the British West Indies, with an area of upwards of 1,750 sq. miles. Famous for centuries for its plantations of sugar cane, coffee, cocoa, and tobacco. Trinidad has much of interest to make exploration well worth while. Port of Spain, the capital, is a fine town with nearly 70,000 inhabitants, and many attractions and much beauty.

Almost everyone, we imagine, visits the famous lake of pitch when at Trinidad, which is 1½ miles in circumference, and from which petroleum-wells are pouring out oil in ever increasing quantities.

In these romantic seas one can well imagine the old buccaneering stories are true.

A northerly course is taken from Cristobal (Panama) across the Caribbean Sea, once the haunt of buccaneers, to Jamaica, once their stronghold, and the beauty of the harbour of Kingston, which is so greatly increased by the background formed by the famous Blue Mountain range entrances one; amongst the foothills are many of the richest and most flourishing coffee estates of the island.

IN THE CITY OF CIGARS: A memorial in Havana

A FLORIDAN INDUSTRY: Work on an alligator farm in Miami

Kingston Harbour is the finest in the West Indies, and the climate of the island is exceptionally equable.

The Rio Grande is wonderfully picturesque, and the Roaring River Falls are famed for their beauty. They are not only the largest in the island, but their banks are covered with wonderful ferns, while trees and mosses grow in the midst of the torrents

(Continued on p. 38

MOTOR EXHIBITION

Patron: H.M. The King.
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WINTER CRUISES ON SUMMER SEAS

(Continued from preceding page)

There is an astonishing variety of fruit-trees in the island, and one has the opportunity of tasting fruits which are to most people quite novel.

Everyone should take a run along the beautiful coastal road from Ocho Rios, or the Bay of Waterfalls, towards Roaring River. Here one has groups of palms growing right down to the water's edge, and some of the most luxurious vegetation in the whole of the island.

From Kingston one goes on to Haiti and Santiago across the summer seas. Haiti is a large island divided into the two black Republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo. The population is probably about 3,000,000. It is very mountainous and magnificently afforested and possesses a fertile soil. But although the Americans are in occupation of Haiti, as the inhabitants are very opposed to foreigners very little is known about the interior. It is, indeed, even to-day, owing to the lazy, ignorant, and superstitious inhabitants, one of the darkest corners of the earth, and although it is believed to be fabulously wealthy in its resources, these are as yet almost completely unexplored and undeveloped.

Almost pure-blooded negroes rule the Republic, whereas that of Santo Domingo, on the same island, is ruled by a population consisting largely of creoles of mixed blood. The two capitals of these States are Porto Prince and Santo Domingo.

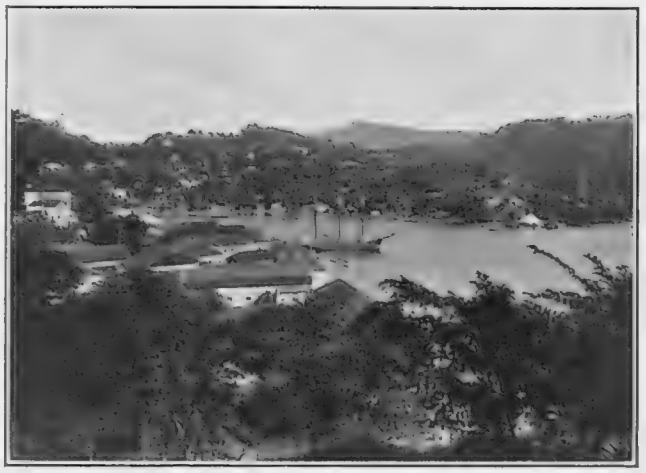
Turning back, one's voyage takes us to Cuba and Havana, one of the most delightful of the islands, just as Havana is one of the most charming and attractive of cities, with a bright, gay life, fine hotels, and unrivalled facilities for amusements of all kinds.

Does not the appeal of the Spanish Main still linger about the West Indies, and Cuba in particular, where one has an atmosphere of romance and adventure coupled with all the glamour of the tropics?

Cuba is full of historic interest, with a romantic people, a luxuriance of foliage and of gorgeous flowers, and is noted for its marvellous sunsets, while about the island itself strange tales of pirates and buried treasure still linger to intrigue the imagination of all save the most prosaic. The charm and novelty of the first glimpse of Havana as the steamer draws into the land, of Morro Castle on its rocky cliff, and afterwards the town itself, cannot easily be forgotten.

Many of the streets are very narrow; and how amazing are the gorgeous colours of the shops! Some blue, others green, many of them yellow, with a few painted white, which note of colour—if white is a colour?—gives a grateful relief in the brilliant sunshine. At the corner of almost every street are open cafés, often gay with coloured sun-blinds, and outside these scores of small tables are dotted about, at which people sit, seemingly all day long, sipping the fruit-juice drinks of Cuba, which are so numerous and refreshing. Havana may reasonably claim that it is one of the brightest, gayest, and most modern of winter resorts. The attractions of sports are great and varied, especially motoring along the Maleson, a sea drive of great beauty and other fine roads; and racing, tennis, swimming, surf-riding, boating, yachting, speed-boat racing and golf are all to be had at their best, and in the great and luxurious hotels the evening and night life is very brilliant. The restaurants and cafés, as regards dancing, cabaret shows, and other amusements are very up-to-date. There is a smart casino at Mariando with its Lido-like bathing beach and dancing, with the added attractions of the usual games of chance, which act as such a great a lure to many holiday-makers.

SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE SKY: Les deux Pitons, the two impressive mountains of St. Lucia, B.W.I.



A GLORY OF THE WEST INDIES: A general view of St. George's, Grenada, B.W.I.

The scenery of Havana along its coast and into the interior is delightful, and the vegetation of tropical luxuriance, while the countryside of the island in general is interesting and charming.

The Bahamas, a group, or rather chain of coral islands, from which the greater part of the sponge supply of the world is brought, are usually next visited. A call is paid at Bermuda, an island of great natural beauty, and then the return voyage is made across the Atlantic to Funchal, the capital of Madeira, on the south coast of this favourite island, at the foot of a vast range of hills.

From Madeira the course is laid for the mouth of the Channel, and when that is entered the cruise to sun-lit islands and sunny seas may be said to have come to an end, but there will remain a renewed lease of health and strength for the returned voyagers and many delightful memories of the wonderful experience of the cruise.

Many voyagers to the West Indies make a more lengthy stay at Havana than allowed by the cruise itself, and take the opportunity of crossing to Florida and spending a little time at Key West, which may be called the port of entry, as it stands on Key West Island, the most western of the "keys" or small coraline islands off the Florida coast. It has a fine harbour, and a big export trade in cigars, sponges, and fish.

Up the western coast lies Miami, a great holiday resort of Americans. And St. Augustine, one of the most interesting places in Florida, which is said to have been the earliest European settlement in the United States, with its many quaint and old Spanish dwellings, and some modern houses in the Moorish style with beautiful gardens, is coming into favour as a pleasure and holiday resort.

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THE CREAKING OF STAIRS AND VOICES IN THE DARK

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

(*Continued from p. 23*)

Then, in 1869, there was a row over who should ride the ponies at Balmoral, and in 1884 the Franchise Bill threatened to split the country in twain. The Queen laboured night and day, with the same zest as the gun and the ponies had evoked, to avoid a dangerous conflict. She nobly succeeded, but it is difficult to forgive her the monstrous treatment of Gladstone, her proneness to the insidious flattery of Disraeli. These side-lights are of no importance save that they confirm the main opinion of history.

Mr. Geoffrey Dennis has written a learned and beautiful book, *The End of the World* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.). He investigates the prophecies, the probabilities of an end by comet, fire, water, cold, etc. But the book takes one nowhere, and evades any opinion. I am as much puzzled by Mr. Hector Bolitho's *The Flame on Ethirdova* (Cobden Sanderson. 7s. 6d.), a sacred mystery story in which a fat Duke and a pious Brother have a somewhat nebulous existence. The apotheosis of the Brother closes a prose phantasy that good writing fails to make compelling. To the avalanche of novels of Public School life is now added *Foreword to Life*, by Richard F. Russell (Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.). I found it dull, but this must be credited to the honesty of the author. Public School life is dull, and he has scorned the usual fictitious and libidinous etceteras with which these records of youth are seasoned. Maurice, apart from a certain obsession with the Anglo-Catholic movement, and most boys suffer obsessions, is as decent a fellow as one could wish to meet. His friendships, a flirtation, an escapade, are all gently and well related. Such restraint in a first novel, with a natural ease in dialogue, is as refreshing as it is promising.

The death of Crosbie Garstin, in a drowning accident, deprived us of a high-spirited spinner of rollicking yarns. He had colour, passion, and a Brangwynesque delight in a large canvas and a rich décor. His last novel, *China Seas* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) has almost too much colour and action. Here is adventure, tense excitement, and the glow and treachery of the East, with Garstin's love of proud ships ever in his pages. This exit is worthy of him.

PRESENTED TO MISS SPOONER: The trophy executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of Regent Street, presented by the Imperial Tobacco Company, Ltd., to Miss Spooner for her achievement in the Challenge de Tourisme Internationale. The winged figure of Icarus surmounts the cup

NEWS and NOTES

FAMOUS TOBACCO FIRM'S PRACTICAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

The huge factory now being erected on Radford Boulevard, Nottingham, is a new and additional home for the manufacture of Player's famous cigarettes. Few of the passers-by watching the workers threading their way through the indescribable maze of steel girders realize that the erection of this factory has already contributed to the prosperity of many industries, and will provide employment in many parts of the country right up to the days when its doors open to the army of Player's skilled workers. 2,500 tons of British steel had to be made; thousands of tons of stone quarried, shaped, and transported. Before the first girder stood up, some 125 stanchions had to be put in their place, each standing on a cement base requiring eighteen tons of concrete cement and one ton of iron bars. The manufacture of hundreds of thousands of multi-coloured bricks and half-a-million or more white glazed bricks is providing many British workers with regular work and pay. Those who know are of opinion that this new building will be the most up-to-date cigarette factory in this country if not in the world. When completed it will have a frontage of 500 ft., a depth of 66 ft., and a floor surface of 220,000 sq. ft., distributed over six floors, and stand 85 ft. above street level. Everything to minister to the comfort and health of the workers employed in it—heating, ventilation, lighting, and cleaning equipment—will be of British origin and manufacture, and in strict keeping with the high standard of quality to which the products of John Player and Sons owe their world-wide popularity. The new factory, the building of which has made an important contribution to the relief of unemployment, has been rendered necessary by the ever-increasing demand for Player's Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes. It ensures those conditions, in a remarkable degree, which are required for the many delicate processes involved in their manufacture.

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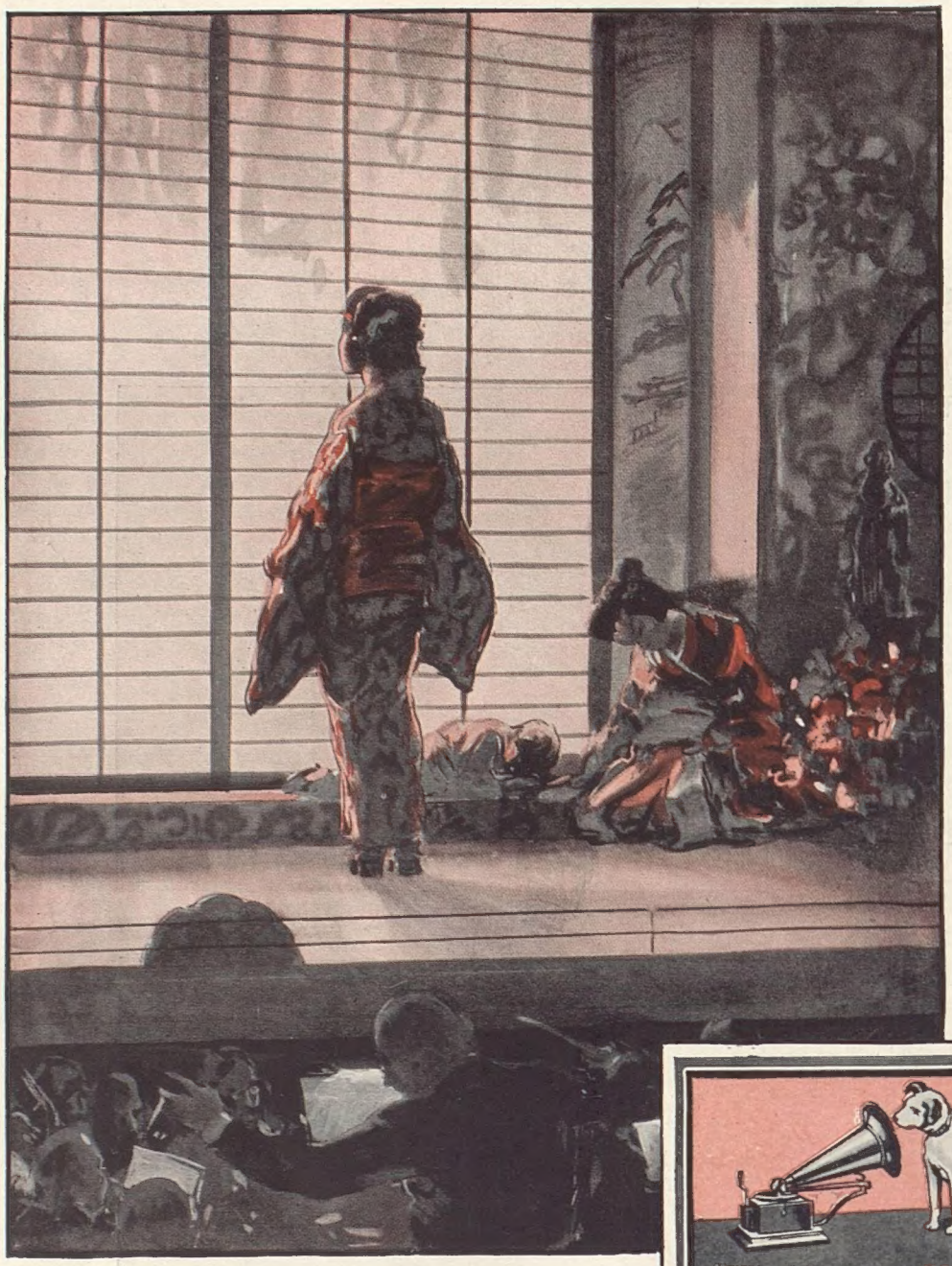

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